



WILLINGTON  
LIBRARY  
1848

William M. Darlington










Design by Henry Moses.

FRONTISPIECE.





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2009 with funding from  
University of Pittsburgh Library System

<http://www.archive.org/details/illustrationsofg00retz>



ILLUSTRATIONS  
OF  
GOETHE'S FAUST:

BY  
MORITZ RETZSCH.

ENGRAVED  
BY HENRY MOSES.

LONDON:  
TILT AND BOGUE, FLEET STREET.  

---

MDCCCXLIII.







J. W. v. Goethe.





## INTRODUCTION.

---

THE “Faust” of Goethe is considered one of the most original productions of the German Drama. It is not modelled in the form of a regular play, neither does it seem adapted for scenic representation; but it is said to have been written for the performance of puppets. The tale on which it is founded is not new to our language: the *Devil and Dr. Faustus* are the heroes of nursery romance, and have been elevated to a higher distinction in the “Tragicall Historie” of Christopher Marlowe, a genius who delighted to soar above ordinary fiction into regions of wonder and dismay, and of whom it would be difficult to determine whether his talents best suited his subject, or whether such a subject was best suited to his talents. Marlowe’s play is too well known to require more particular mention here, and it would be idle to attempt drawing any comparison between it and the “Faust” of Goethe, as the two pieces have nothing in common besides the adoption (as a plot) of the popular fiction, which tradition has strangely enough attached to a German printer. The main-spring, which originates the interest in both, rests upon common associations, that connect the world of spirits with our humbler sphere of existence;—associations which are, perhaps, little more than the relics of sensations impressed on the memory by the fears of childhood. The Principle of Evil is delineated by Goethe with great skill. He is abject in seducing, diligent in ensnaring, cruel and remorseless in punishing his victim: in human shape he is yet distinguished

from his mortal companion by the total want of personal interest which he takes in the scenes through which they pass, and by the bitter, scornful, yet uncomplaining tone of his remarks. Faustus is a singular compound of strength and weakness. He is daring and timid by turns; ambitious and irresolute; not wholly vicious, but far from virtuous: he despises the power of the demon, to whose arts he yields himself a willing prey, and half detects the snares laid for his destruction. Margaret is the only character for whom we feel undivided interest; she is entangled in the web of temptation, which the fiend has woven to catch the proud soul of his confident disciple; she is betrayed into crime through the kindest of affections: the potion which destroys her mother is unwittingly administered by her hand, and the murder of her child may be supposed to take place in a moment of insanity. Her doom is not, therefore, final. She is punished on earth, but experiences the grace of a repentant sinner.

It is not pretended that the following pages contain a full translation of this celebrated drama. It aspires only to be considered a careful abstract of "Faust," which, while it may serve as a book of reference and explanation for the use of the purchasers of the plates, may, at the same time, be sufficiently ample to convey to the general reader a tolerably correct notion of the drama as a whole. With this view the most striking passages and scenes have been translated into blank verse, and connected by a detailed description in prose, in which the writer has endeavoured to render the progress of the plot clearly understood. Some parts are omitted which, it was thought, would be offensive to English readers, from the free, and occasionally immoral tendency of the allusions which they contain: other parts of the scene have been thrown into narrative, where the difference of taste subsisting between the two nations would have rendered a clear translation of that which in Germany is considered sublime, in our language ludicrous: the general features of the whole have, nevertheless, been endeavoured to be preserved. The original is written in a great variety of metres, but in confining himself to blank-verse in all parts of the play except those



which are strictly lyrical, the translator believes that he has adopted the only measure that would enable him to imitate the tone, without sacrificing the sense of his text.

"Faust" is preceded by a prelude, between the manager, author, and a kind of merry fellow or clown. This is nothing more than an introductory dialogue, like that to Gay's "Beggars' Opera," and as it bears no relation to the plot of the piece, has not been translated. For a different reason the prologue has also been passed over: it carries the scene to heaven, whither Mephistopheles ascends for the purpose of obtaining permission to tempt Faustus; and, both in conception and execution, is repugnant to notions of propriety such as are entertained in this country.

From one of the many criticisms called forth by the first publication of the plates by which these pages are accompanied, the publishers make the following extract:—

"Retzsch's Celebrated Outlines have given to the eye the very essence of the leading occurrences in this tragedy. In the beauty of the young lovers, rivalling that which Ovid himself has described in his mythological youth, the diabolism of the face, hoof, and character of Mephistopheles, the action and shapes of the witches, animals, &c., and the tormenting passions that actuate the frames of Faust and Margaret, we peruse over again, in the translating language of the graver, the vivid and heart-displaying thoughts of the great German Poet. The scenes are so well selected for the Plates, that they afford a connected view of the whole drama. The exact repetition of costume in every spot, for instance, in Faust's study, and in Martha and Margaret's chambers, makes us feel at home with them, and traces a sort of biography of the inmates. The witch's kitchen, and the scenery and figures of the Blocksberg, astonish us by their variety. In their monstrous extravagances, they will excite only a pleasant smile, not disgust. The figures are drawn with similar propriety and expression. Margaret passes through the different gradations of reserve, maiden coyness, fondness, perplexity, yielding, ominous grief and despair. Faust's looks, gradually strained by the passions to the tension of despair, are conspicuous in the last plate. Mephistopheles

never appears as a bugbear, yet so much of a devil, that we can always see how much the mask of decency struggles to fall off. We scarcely ever have known so much sportive invention intermixed, in one work, with such beautiful forms and exact character; so profuse a union of sentiment, passion, and imagination. But these affecting incidents, previously and so well designed from the text of Goethe in Retzsch's Series, are rendered still more affecting by the firmer hand, and more faithful drawing, with which our English Artist has engraved from them; for in the foreign Series the beauty and force of the designs were impaired by an excessive timidity of manner—by a heaviness, a want of easy flow, and varied touch. He has exceeded the beauty of the outlines in Retzsch's Series, not only in these respects, but in the more important one of giving, with full and satisfying power, the outward expression of the passions, with the discrimination and intensity with which the illustrious Author has brought them out from the inmost heart. They are indeed so delighting a display of the varied feelings, that give interest to 'the pleasing anxious being of man,' that we are never tired of looking over the work. We have never repeated so frequently the inspection of any publication of Engravings. The pleasure is always fresh upon our feelings, and it is so, because all the expressions are true to those feelings. Fancy, fiction, sentiment, passion, beautifully spread before the eye, by the united talents of the Poet, the Designer, and Engraver, are responsive in the heart."

## LIST OF THE PLATES.

---

	Page
1 Introduction . . . . .	viii
2 Faust and Wagner . . . . .	7
3 Faust in his Study . . . . .	8
4 Faust makes over his Soul to Mephistopheles . . . . .	12
5 Faust and Mephistopheles in the Taverna . . . . .	13
6 Faust and Mephistopheles in the Witch's Cave . . . . .	14
7 The Witch gives Faust the Magic Potion . . . . .	15
8 Faust sees Margaret for the first time . . . . .	15
9 Margaret in her Chamber . . . . .	16
10 Faust introduced into Margaret's chamber by Mephistopheles . . . . .	16
11 Margaret admiring the Jewels left by Mephistopheles . . . . .	17
12 Margaret shews her Treasures to Martha . . . . .	17
13 Mephistopheles informs Martha of her Husband's Death . . . . .	18
14 The decision of the Flower . . . . .	20
15 Margaret meets Faust in the Summer-house . . . . .	20
16 Margaret Disconsolate at her Spinning-wheel . . . . .	22
17 Margaret Supplicating the Mater Dolorosa . . . . .	24
18 Valentine Fights with Faust . . . . .	25
19 Valentine, dying, reproaches Margaret . . . . .	26
20 The Evil Spirit whispers despair to Margaret while at Mass . . . . .	26
21 Faust and Mephistopheles ascend the Brocken . . . . .	27
22 The Witches' Revel . . . . .	28
23 Faust hears that Margaret is in Prison . . . . .	29
24 Mephistopheles and Faust pass the place of Execution . . . . .	29
25 Faust enters the Prison where Margaret is . . . . .	30
26 Margaret refuses to leave the Prison . . . . .	32













# FAUSTUS.

---

TIME.—*Night.*

SCENE.—*A high-arched narrow Gothic Chamber.*

FAUSTUS *seated at his desk: he appears in a state of restlessness.*

SOLILOQUY.

*Faust.*—Now I have toil'd thro' all; philosophy,  
Law, physic, and theology: alas!  
All, all I have explor'd; and here I am  
A weak blind fool at last: in wisdom risen  
No higher than before; Master and Doctor  
They style me now; and I for ten long years  
Have led my pupils up and down, thro' paths  
Involv'd and intricate, only to find  
That nothing can be known. Ah! there's the thought  
That wastes my heart away! 'Tis true, most true,  
That I am wiser than that silly herd—  
Doctors and magisters, and priests and scribblers:  
No scruples startle me, no doubts perplex me,  
Nor shrink I at the thought of hell or devil:  
Therefore has joy departed from me; now  
No sweet imaginings of hoarded blessings,  
Which knowledge guards the key of—no bright hopes  
Of mending or enlight'ning dull mankind  
Beam on my darkling spirit. Wealth, or rank,  
Or worldly honours, I have none:—a dog  
Would loathe the such base existence: therefore have I  
Given up my soul to magic, and essay'd  
If from the lips of spirits I could gather  
Secrets worth learning, that I may no more

In bitterness of heart attempt to teach  
What my mind cannot grapple with, but fathom  
The secret places of the earth, and trace  
The seeds of things before they burst to being,  
Nor deal in words alone. Oh, thou pale moon!  
Would that those beams of beauty were the last  
Should visit these sad eyes! thou, who so oft  
Bright'ning my vigils, with the learned page  
Hast shar'd my adoration, would that I  
Could by thy sweet light, wander on the tops  
Of the far hills, in mountain-caves converse  
With hov'ring spirits, flit o'er twilight meads,  
And bathing in thy dew, free from the thirst  
Of knowledge, live in peace again! Alas!  
Still am I rooted, chain'd to this damp dungeon  
Where thro' the painted glass ev'n heav'n's free light  
Comes marr'd and sullied, narrow'd by dark heaps  
Of mould'ring volumes, where the blind worm revels—  
Of smoke-stain'd papers, piled even to the roof—  
Glasses and boxes—instruments of science,  
And all the old hereditary lumber  
Which crowds this cheerless chamber. This is then  
Thy world, O Faustus! this is called a world!  
And dost thou ask, why thus tumultuously  
Thy heart is throbbing in thy bosom? why  
Some nameless feeling tortures ev'ry nerve,  
And shakes thy soul within? Thou hast abjur'd  
The fair fond face of nature, ever beaming  
With smiles on man, for squalid loathsomeness,  
Dank vapours, and the mould'ring skeletons

Of men and brutes : away ! away ! is not  
 This wond'rous volume, by the pow'rful hand  
 Of Nostradamus penn'd, society  
 Sufficient for thy soul ? There thou canst learn  
 To trace the starry course, and if instructed  
 By nature, she will strengthen thy mind's pow'rs  
 Till thou hast learn'd to hold with her high converse,  
 As spirits speak with spirits. But in vain  
 Would human wisdom read these holy symbols :  
 Ye teaching spirits, ye are hov'ring near me !

*[He opens the book and sees the sign of Macrocosmus.]*

Ha ! what delight does in a moment fill  
 My senses at this sight ? I feel at once  
 The renovated streams of life and pleasure  
 Bubble thro' every vein. Was it a god  
 Who wrote this sign ? it stills my soul's wild warfare ;  
 Fills my lost heart with joy, while some strange impulse  
 Tears down the veil from nature's mysteries,  
 And lays them bare before me. 'Tis most strange :  
 Am I a god ? It seems so palpable ;  
 I see in these clear signs the hidden workings  
 Of nature all reveal'd. Now do I know  
 The wise man's meaning, when he said, " The world  
 " Of spirits is not closed : thy sense is dull :  
 " Thy heart is dead. Arise, my son, arise !  
 " Faint not ! but in the redness of the morning  
 " Bathe thy earth-sullied bosom."

*[He considers the sign with attention.]*

How divinely

Are all things blended ! how each lives and moves  
 But with the rest ! how heav'nly powers descend,  
 And re-ascend, balancing reeling worlds ;  
 And from the winnowing of their radiant wings,  
 Scatter eternal blessings ! how they press  
 From heav'n to earth, and ever in their course  
 Utter immortal harmony ! How bright !  
 How splendid an illusion ! but, alas !  
 Illusion only ! Oh ! how may I gaze  
 Upon thee, boundless nature ? where embrace thee ?

Ye fountains of all life, whose living tides  
 Feed heav'n and earth : the wither'd bosom yearns  
 To taste your freshness ! Ye flow sparkling on,  
 And yet I paint in vain

*[He turns over the book with marks of dissatisfaction, and perceives the sign of the SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.]*

How differently

Does this sign move me ! SPIRIT OF THE EARTH !  
 Thou art allied to me. I feel already  
 My powers increase. Already do I glow  
 As if with wine. I feel unusual courage  
 To venture forth into the world, to bear  
 The bliss of earth, the woe of earth ; to plunge  
 Amid the howling tempest, and to dare  
 The shipwreck undismay'd. Clouds gather round me—  
 The moon conceals her light—now the lamp trembles,  
 Expires—red beams of light play round my head,  
 A shiv'ring feeling from the roof descends,  
 And seizes on each sense—I feel thee near,  
 Spirit, whom I invok'd ; thou hov'rst near me :  
 Reveal thyself ! Ah ! how my heart is torn—  
 How all my senses labour with new feelings—  
 I feel my whole heart given to thee. Appear !  
 Thou must, thou must, tho' my life pay the forfeit !

*[He seizes the book and pronounces mysteriously the sign of the SPIRIT.—A red flame appears, and the SPIRIT in the flame.]*

*Spir.* Who calls me ?

*Faust.* (turning away.) Fearful sight !

*Spir.* Thy potent bidding  
 Compels me hither from my distant sphere.

And now—

*Faust.* Alas ! I cannot bear thy sight.

*Spir.* Anxiously, fervently thou didst desire  
 To see me face to face—to hear my voice—  
 To gaze upon my countenance : the yearnings  
 Of thy soul brought me hither. I am here !  
 What pitiful weakness has seized on thee now ?  
 Where's the stout heart which did within itself  
 A world create, and which from earth aspiring,

Would with the bodiless creation blend  
Its grosser essence? Where, where art thou, Faustus?  
Thou whose voice I have heard; whose spirit press'd  
Until it reach'd to mine. And art thou he?  
Thou whose whole frame, whose ev'ry power is shaken,  
By my mere breath: a fearful crawling worm  
Coiling itself in dust.

*Faust.* . . . Thou form of flame!  
Shall thy sight blanch my cheek?—No! I am he,  
Faustus, thine equal!

*Spir.* In the floods of life, in the tempests of action,  
Up and down I rave;  
Hither and thither in motion;  
Birth and the grave,  
An unbounded ocean—  
A changing strife—  
A kindling life—  
At the rustling loom of Time I have trod,  
And fashion'd the living vesture of God.

*Faust.* Thou active spirit, circling the wide world,  
How near allied I feel myself to thee!

*Spir.* Thou'rt like the spirit whom thy fancy paints,  
And not like me. [Vanishes.

*Faust.* Proud Spirit! not like thee!  
Read'st thou God's image on my brow, yet say'st  
I do not equal thee?

A knocking is heard, which proceeds from Faustus' pupil or amannensis, Wagner, who enters "in a night-gown and cap, with a lamp in his hand." Faustus evinces great impatience at this interruption, and reluctance to participate in Wagner's insipid society, after the awful conference he has just held with a being of another world; but finding that Wagner had been attracted by the sound of his voice, in (as he conceived) solitary declamation, he turns the conversation to the subject of eloquence, and expatiates in

general terms on the inadequacy of art without the stimulus of natural feeling. The character of Wagner seems designed as a foil or contrast to that of Faustus. He is also a student, but his inquiries are merely human, and he evinces none of his master's anxiety to wander into the field of forbidden speculation: still he seems overawed and confounded by the more daring spirit of Faustus. The following is the conclusion of their conversation; in which the latter succeeds in convincing his friend of the inutility of human learning:—

*Wag.* Pardon me; 'tis delight ineffable  
For the maz'd spirit to transport itself  
Back into former times: mark how the wise  
And learned thought in ages past, and see  
To what a wondrous height we soar beyond them.

*Faust.* Oh, yes! even to the stars! Alas; my friend,  
The ages that are past are unto us  
A book with seven seals seal'd; and what you deem  
The spirit of the times, is but the spirit  
Of a few men, which to our mind's eye shews  
The times as in a mirror, and in truth  
Oft shows a sight of sorrow. The first glance  
Makes the heart sick. We shrink from the dull lumber,  
The worthless refuse, which at best contains  
Only some great state-action, garnish'd forth  
With sage, trite precepts, and such wondrous lore  
As fills the mouths of puppets.

*Wag.* . . . But the world—  
Man's heart and soul—surely a little knowledge  
Of these things is not valueless.

*Faust.* . . . Yes, knowledge;  
What the wise world calls knowledge; yet, who dares  
To give it its right name? The few who knew  
Aught worth recording, and were fools enough  
To vent their free opinions, what has been

Their recompense, and their reward?—the stake,  
The faggot, and the cross. I pray you, friend,  
The night is far advanced, and we must now  
Break off our conference.

*Wag.* Oh! I could wake

For ever, but to listen to the words  
Of wisdom from your lips. But to-morrow  
Is the first day of Easter; let me then  
Propound a few more questions. I have studied  
With ardour, and 'tis true that I have learn'd  
Much, but my grasping spirit will not rest  
Till it has master'd all.

*Faust.* How hope will linger,  
An inmate of the heart, which still, still leans  
On some weak reed; delving with eager haste  
For fancied treasures, and with joy o'erflowing,  
Though it find nought but earth-worms!

Did the voice  
Of grov'ling human nature dare to mar  
My meditation, when ethereal beings  
Were hov'ring all around me? But, alas!  
This once I thank thee—the most miserable  
Of all earth's children. Thou hast rescued me  
From despair's iron clutches. Ah! the phantom  
Had lineaments so giant-like, methought  
I dwindled to a pigmy. I, the image  
Of God himself, deeming I had, at length,  
Grasp'd Truth's own hand, and was about to gaze  
With eye undazzled, on her stainless mirror:  
Basking in heav'n's pure light, and earthliness  
Thrown like a worthless garb aside: the cherubim,  
Whose faculties the veins of nature fill,  
Who live the life of gods, I deem'd beneath me.  
My heart was full of hopes unutterable!  
What must my expiation be? one word  
Of thunder has destroy'd those hopes for ever.  
I may not mete myself with thee, proud Spirit!  
Power had I to compel thee here, but none  
To bid thee stay. Oh! in that wondrous moment,

How little and how great I felt myself!  
But thou hast driven me back to the dull lot  
Of blind humanity. Who now shall teach me?  
What must I shrink from? what obey?—this impulse?  
Alas! our actions, like our sufferings,  
Impede the course of life.

He proceeds in the same strain of despair, feeding  
the bitterness of his feelings with reflections on the  
objects by which he is surrounded, until his eye  
glances on a phial of poison, and he instantly deter-  
mines on self-destruction. He seizes it eagerly, and  
is raising the poison to his lips, when he hears the  
sound of the town-bells, which usher in Easter-  
Sunday, and, mingling with the hosannahs of the  
people, resounds the following:—

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ has ascended,  
He sits thron'd in heaven:  
Man's fetters are riven,  
His sins are forgiven,  
His sorrows are ended.

*Faust.* Ha! what deep sound was that? What soft, clear tone,  
Wrench from my trembling hand the glass just rais'd  
To reach my lips. Oh! you deep-sounding bells,  
Do you already usher in the morn  
Of Easter's joyful festival? Sweet voices!  
In holy chorus join'd, do ye already  
That song of consolation sing, which once  
Around the midnight grave, from angel lips,  
Peal'd a new covenant of peace?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

With spices the sweetest,  
A rich grave we made him;  
And here, heavy-hearted,  
His followers laid him;

Linen and bandage  
 We wrapp'd clean around him :  
 Ah ! where is he now ?  
 We have sought, but not found him.

## CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ has ascended !  
 They are happy who gave  
 Their faith to his grave,  
 And his power to save,  
 And humbly his rising attended.

*Faust.* Powerful and soft ! what seek ye here ? ye sounds  
 Of heaven ! what seek of me, encompass'd round  
 With dusk and darkness ! Breathe your lovely notes  
 To softer hearts. I hear, but have not faith ;  
 And miracle is faith's lov'd progeny.  
 I dare not strive to reach those happy spheres  
 Where the glad tidings sound ; and yet those notes  
 On which my infant ear delighted dwelt,  
 They woo me back again to life. Oh ! once  
 In the still sabbath-day, when on my cheek  
 The kiss of heaven descended, then those bells  
 Full and sonorous in my ear would ring  
 Notes such as angels warble. Prayer was then  
 Unutterable rapture. Some strange feeling,  
 Powerful, yet pleasing, would impel my steps,  
 Thro' wood, o'er mead, and drew down burning tears—  
 While to my sight a new world seem'd reveal'd  
 Better and far, far lovelier. Then, those notes  
 Spoke of youth's cheerful sports, of spring's glad hours.  
 Memory holds back my hand ; around my heart  
 She steals her light soft spells. Ring on ! ring on !  
 Sweet symphonies of heav'n ! tears bathe my cheek ;  
 And I am earth's again.

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

The buried One has risen !  
 He sits on high,  
 Exalted,  
 Freed from the grave's dark prison :

Heav'n's bright and glorious morrow  
 Beams on him now,  
 While men below,  
 Toil thro' earth's night of sorrow.  
 He left us here to languish  
 In grief behind ;  
 Oh ! as thou art kind,  
 Take pity on our anguish.

*A Second Chorus of Angels concludes the Scene.*

This drama is not divided into acts, but the next scene is before the town-gates, and in the neighbouring country. Hundreds of artisans, citizens, their daughters, maid-servants, and the whole idle population of the place, are seen swarming forth to enjoy their holiday-sports. They form separate groups, and all utter sentiments characteristic of their stations. The mechanics and labourers propose parties of pleasure, and little journies to favourite spots in the vicinity. Some young women in humble life are looking out for their sweethearts, and are reconnoitred by two students on the watch for amusement. A second pair of females of higher rank stand by observing the motions of the former, and pitying the bad taste of the students. The citizens break forth into invectives against the mayor, others converse on politics. A beggar with his song, and a fortune-teller with her predictions, diversify the scene, and the whole seems designed to exhibit a concentrated view of the popular diversions and manners in the large towns of Germany. The several parties advance and retreat in succession, singing songs and passing rude jokes on each other. Faustus enters

with Wagner, and mingles with the crowd: Wagner seems to feel little interest in the scene before him, but the following are the reflections of the former:—

*Faust.* The warm and vivifying glance of Spring  
Has melted the cold fetters of the brooks;  
Green with the young year's promise is the vale;  
And Winter in his weakness hath withdrawn  
To the rough hills. Thence his hoar frost he breathes  
Upon the verdant meadow; yet the sun  
Permits him not that one poor trophy, but  
Dries up the envious mists, and all things paints  
With its own glitt'ring hues; and even here,  
Tho' bare of flowers, the human prospect spreads  
In gay and glad profusion. Turn thee hither,  
And look back on the city. From the black  
And yawning gate, a many-colour'd swarm  
Is pressing forth: all here to-day will come  
To feel the sun's warm beams. They celebrate  
Their Saviour's resurrection: they themselves  
Have for a few hours risen above the cares  
And miseries, and bus'ness of this world,  
From the damp rooms of low-roof'd tenements—  
From trades and manual drudgery—from th' oppression  
Of beams and roofs—from dark and narrow streets,  
And the monastic gloom of churches: all  
To bask in heav'n's own brightness. 'Tis a sight  
Of joy and wonder. How the active crowd  
Sweep thro' the smiling gardens and the fields!  
How many merry oars beat on the river,  
Distant and near! behold that boat just starting  
Laden almost to sinking. The gay dresses  
Gleam in our sight e'en on the fair hill tops.  
Already do I hear the joyful hum  
Of the glad village. 'Tis the people's heav'n!  
And ev'ry loud huzza, which high and low,  
Conspire to raise, speaks of contented hearts.  
Oh! here I feel that I am human still.

A dance of peasants and a pastoral song succeed. In the interim an old countryman recognizes Faustus and addresses him in respectful terms, offering him a pitcher, from which the Doctor drinks to the health of the multitude assembled round him. The old peasant relates to the rest how, during the plague, Faustus and his father went from house to house, and administered medicines to the sick at the risk of their lives. They all invoke a blessing on his benevolence, but he tells them

To bend in gratitude to Him above,  
Who prompts the helper, and who sends the help.

Wagner declaims, in a strain of pompous congratulation, on the happiness he must experience in reaping such a reward for his charitable exertions, but Faustus motions him to retire to a stone, a little apart from the crowd, and there confesses that neither he nor his father greatly merited those testimonies of respect from the crowd, as during that plague many had fallen victims to his father's nostrums. Wagner consoles him with the suggestion of his own inexperience, being then a mere youth, acting under his father's directions, and Faustus recurs to the description of the wild reveries of his imagination, which his companion does not seem to understand. The Doctor proceeds with the following admonition to his disciple:—

*Faust.* Thou hast but one desire,  
Oh! never learn another. In my bosom  
Two spirits are contending, each attempting  
To separate from the other. One with strong  
But sensual ties is fettering me to the earth;  
The other powerfully soars, and spreads





HART AND WARTER.







Its wings to loftier emprise. Oh! if there  
Be spirits hov'ring in the air, who rest  
Twixt heav'n and earth, from your bright seats descend,  
And bear me on your happy wings to scenes  
Of new and varied being. Were that mantle,  
That magic mantle mine which bore the wearer  
To distant realms at pleasure, I would not  
Exchange it for the costliest garb which e'er  
Was wrapp'd round regal limbs.

*Wag.* Do not invoke  
That well-known host, whose countless myriads  
People the atmosphere, and from all quarters  
Swarm arm'd for man's destruction. From the north  
With arrow-pointed tongues in clouds they come;  
Or from the withering east they press and feed  
Upon the spring of life; or from the south  
Quick from the burning desert bring with them  
Intolerable fires; or from the west  
With deluging swarms first charm, then inundate,  
Man, fields, and meads alike. They listen readily;  
Awake to mischief, willingly obey,  
Because they willingly deceive; they seem  
From heav'n commission'd, and like angels whisper,  
When what they breathe in our deluded ears,  
Is damnable as hell. But, let us hence:  
The sky is grey already, and the air  
With ev'ning mists grows cool. Home is the place  
Best suited for us now. Why do you stand,  
And seem thus bound? what attracts your notice  
In the dusk twilight?

*Faust.* See'st thou yon black dog,  
Scouring thro' fields and stubble?

*Wag.* Long ago  
I saw him, but he dwelt not in my thoughts.

*Faust.* Consider him well. What do you take him for?

*Wag.* For a rough poodle, tracking, as 'tis wont,  
Its master's footsteps.

*Faust.* But do you observe  
How he in spiral circles wheels around us,

Nearer at ev'ry moment? and mine eyes  
Are much deluded if his black paws leave not  
A track of fire behind them.

*Wag.* I see nothing  
But a black dog. Some ocular deception  
Obscures your senses.

*Faust.* Nay, methinks he draws  
Light magic snares around us, to enthal  
Our steps hereafter.

*Wag.* Doubtfully, I think,  
And fearfully he jumps around us, seeing  
Two strangers for his master's well-known face.

*Faust.* The circle gradually grows narrower:  
Now he is near us.

*Wag.* Do you not perceive  
'Tis a dog, and no spectre? snarls and bites,  
Lies on his belly, wags his tail, and does  
As other dogs do.

*Faust.* Join us: come, come here!

*Wag.* 'Tis a strange dog: stand still, he waits for you;  
Speak, and he jumps upon you: had you lost  
Aught, he would soon recover it, and leap  
Into the water for your stick.

*Faust.* You're right,  
It is a dog; I see nought that resembles  
An evil spirit: 'tis th' effect of teaching.

*Wag.* A wise man loves the brutes: aptest of scholars,  
They win our favour soon.

[*Exeunt through the Town-gates.*]

SCENE.—*Faustus' Study.*

*Enter FAUSTUS with the Dog.*

Faustus soliloquizes, in a tone of feeling and senti-  
ment, on the stillness of the night, calming every  
passion to repose. He is interrupted at intervals by  
the growling of the dog, whom he in vain attempts

to pacify. He feels a sudden desire to translate a passage from the New Testament, but cannot determine on an expression in his native language sufficiently comprehensive to express the *creating power*.

"In the beginning was *the Word*," 'tis written ;  
Here do I stumble : who can help me on ?  
I cannot estimate "the Word" so highly ;  
I must translate it otherwise, if rightly  
I feel myself enlightened by its spirit.  
"In the beginning was *the Mind*," 'tis written :  
Repeat this line, and weigh its meaning well,  
Nor let thy pen decide to hastily :  
Is it the mind creates and fashions all ?  
"In the beginning was *the Power*," it should be :  
Yet, even while I write the passage down,  
It warns me that I have not caught its meaning :  
Help me, then, Spirit ! With deliberation,  
And perfect confidence, I will inscribe,  
At last, "In the beginning was *the Deed*."

At this juncture the yelling and howling of the dog increase, and Faustus again commands him to be quiet, and threatens to expel him. Suddenly he becomes enlarged to an enormous size, and assumes the form of a hippopotamus, whilst without, spirits are heard bemoaning the loss of their comrade. Faustus tries to subdue him with a spell of the four elements ; but finding that charm inefficient, concludes that he is under the dominion of a higher power, and has recourse to this stronger incantation :—

Art thou one who fell,  
Deserter from hell ?  
Then look at this sign,  
Whose virtues incline  
The legions of hell to obey it.

At this potent bidding the dog reluctantly issues forth from behind the stove, whither he had retreated, and swells till he appears as large as an elephant, and nearly fills the room. He at length bursts in a cloud of smoke, which gradually dissipates, and discovers Mephistopheles "drest like a travelling student."

*Mephis.* Wherefore this noise ? what can I do to serve you ?

*Faust.* This was the kernel then, the dog inclosed ;  
A travelling student ! why it makes me laugh.

*Mephis.* All hail, most learned doctor ! I salute you :  
In truth, I must confess you made me tremble.

*Faust.* What dost thou call thyself ?

*Mephis.* That question seems  
To me a simple one, from him who lately  
Despised the Word.

He, however, at length designates himself as—

A portion of that power,  
Whose wills are evil, but whose actions good.

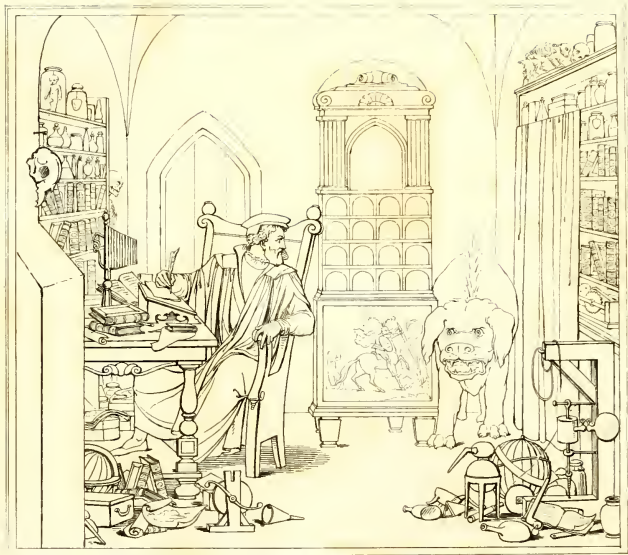
*Faust.* What does this dark enigma signify ;

*Mephis.* I am the spirit who says "nay" to all,  
And rightly so ; for all that have existence  
Deserve that they should perish ; so 'twere better  
That nothing earthly should enjoy existence  
All, therefore, that you mortals mean by Sin,  
Destruction, in a word, what you call Evil,  
Is my peculiar element.

The conversation is continued in this strain until Mephistopheles expresses a wish to depart. Faustus wonders that he should meet with any impediment, having free access to the window, door, and chimney, but Mephistopheles explains that there is a slight hindrance, which is no other than a pentagon on the threshold. He got in, 'tis true, because there was a little opening left in one corner.







FAUST IN HIS STUDY.





The dog did nothing note, as in he sprung,  
But now the case assumes another shape,  
The Devil has no means to make an exit.

*Faust.* But why not make your exit by the window?

*Mephis.* It is a rule with spirits and with devils,  
By the same way they enter they depart;  
The first is a free choice, the last a law.

*Faust.* Hell then, it seems, has laws. I like it well;  
With gentry so precise, a solemn compact  
May, I presume, be made, and will be kept.

*Mephis.* Whate'er we promise you may safely trust to;  
We will not bate one jot of the agreement.  
But that requires some slight consideration;  
So let us speak of it anon more fully;  
But, for this time, I beg you earnestly  
To let me take my leave.

*Faust.* A moment stay,  
And answer me a few questions ere we part.

*Mephis.* Nay, now release me. I will soon return;  
You then may as you please interrogate me.

*Faust.* I did not drag you here. You freely came,  
And fell into the trap without a bait,  
He who has caught the devil should hold him fast;  
He may not light on such a prize again.

Mephistopheles then begs permission to entertain  
Faustus with a display of his art, to which the latter  
accedes, provided it be an agreeable one. Mephisto-  
pheles promises to enchant his eyes with delightful  
visions, his ears with harmonious sounds, and his  
sense of smelling with the most exquisite odours. He  
summons the spirits over whom he has controul, who  
obey his commands, and conclude by lulling Faustus  
with a song into a deep sleep. Mephistopheles dis-  
misses them with this acknowledgment:—

He sleeps! 'Tis well. Ye tender airy spirits,  
Ye have entranc'd him nobly with your songs,

And for this concert bind me still your debtor.  
Thou art not yet the man to hold the devil,  
Amuse his fancy with some pleasing dream,  
And plunge him in a sea of wild conceits,  
Whilst I invoke a rat's tooth, to gnaw off  
The magic obstacle which bars my passage.

As lord of rats, and mice, and all reptiles, he then  
summons a rat, by whose aid the angle of the penta-  
gon, being moistened with oil, is at length severed.  
Mephistopheles then takes leave of his sleeping com-  
panion, exclaiming,—

Now, Faustus,

Now dream away, until we meet again.

*Faust. (waking.)* Am I then once again deceived? and has  
That crowd of hovering spirits all, all vanished?  
Methought I saw the devil in my dream,  
And lo! a little dog sprang forth and left me.

SCENE.—*Faustus' Study.*

*Faust.* Hark! 'twas a knock: come in: who now is coming  
To torture me?

*Mephis.* 'Tis I.

*Faust.* Come in.

*Mephis.* You must

Pronounce it thrice.

*Faust.* Come in then.

*Mephis.* So: 'tis well!

We soon shall be sworn friends. I come to shake  
Your fetters from you. Like a gay young lord  
I come arrayed in gold and scarlet, wearing  
My stiff silk mantle; in my cap, a plume;  
And my long pointed rapier by my side.  
Do you in like array bedeck yourself,  
That free and unconfined you may observe  
The changing scene of life.

*Faust.* 'Tis no matter  
 What dress I wrap around my limbs : in all  
 I shall be sensible of man's cramp'd powers  
 And limited existence. What have I  
 (Too old for sport, too young for listlessness.)  
 To hope for the world ? " Forbear ! forbear !"  
 That is th' eternal theme rung in all ears,  
 And hoarsely sounding thro' each hour of life.  
 I wake with horror every morn, and weep  
 To see a day dawn, which will not, midst all  
 The anxious flutt'rings of my heart, fulfil  
 One solitary wish.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 And when night comes, I stretch my tortured bones  
 Upon a restless couch—wild dreams affright me—  
 The god within me can stir up my soul  
 Even from its lowest depths, yet has not power  
 To move the world without. Therefore existence  
 Is but a burthen to me—death a blessing—  
 And life the thing I loathe.

*Mephis.* Yet still is death  
 Not quite a welcome guest.

*Faust.* Oh ! happy he  
 Whose brows death in the hour of triumph binds  
 With blood-stained laurels ; happy too is he,  
 After the nimble dance, whom he finds lock'd  
 Fast in his true love's arms. Oh ! would that I  
 Had sunk before the awful Spirit's power—  
 Entranced, unsouled, absorbed.

*Mephis.* And yet there was  
 A certain man this night who feared to quaff  
 A certain dark brown liquor.

*Faust.* Then it seems  
 It has become your pleasure to perform  
 The spy's high office.

*Mephis.* I am not omniscient,  
 Yet I know much.

*Faust.* Tho' from my heart's wild tempest  
 A sweet remembered tone recovered me,

And all my youth's remaining hopes responded  
 With the soft echo of joys long gone by,  
 Yet do I curse them all—all—that captivates  
 The soul with juggling witchery, and with false  
 And flattering spells into a den of grief  
 Lures it, and binds it there. Accursed be  
 All the proud thoughts with which man learns to pamper  
 His haughty spirit—cursed be those sweet  
 Entrancing phantoms which delude our senses—  
 Cursed the dreams which lure us to the search  
 Of fame and reputation—cursed all  
 Of which we glory in the vain possession,  
 Children, and wife, and slave, and plough—accursed  
 Be Mammon, when with rich and glittering heaps  
 He tempts us to do bold deeds, or when he smooths  
 The pillow of inglorious dalliance—  
 Accursed be the grape's enticing juice—  
 Cursed be love, and hope, and faith—and cursed,  
 Above all cursed, be the tame dull spirit  
 Which bears life's evils patiently.

CHORUS OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS.

Woe ! woe !  
 Thou hast destroyed it.—  
 This lovely world—  
 Thou hast crushed into ruin !  
 It totters—reels—and falls :  
 A demi-god has crushed it !  
 Mournfully  
 We bear its fragments oft to vacancy.  
 And weep  
 Over its ruined beauty.  
 Son of the Earth !  
 As thou art powerful,  
 In splendour build  
 The fabric up again :  
 In thy own bosom build it up !  
 A renovated life  
 Begin with clearer sense,  
 And let new songs resound !

*Mephis.* Listen : 'tis the humblest band  
Of the spirits whom I command.  
Hear how they, so old and wise,  
To action and to joy advise.  
In the wide world far away,  
To no lonely thoughts a prey,  
Withering both blood and sense—  
Listen they entice thee hence.

Oh learn to dally with your misery,  
Which like a vulture feeds upon your heart !  
The very worst society will teach you  
To feel you are a man, with men girt round,  
Still must you not beneath your burthen sink.  
I do not rank among the great, and yet  
With me you are content to spend your life :  
If this be so, then here I bind myself  
Your firm associate, or if you please,  
Your servant or your slave.

*Faust.* And what must I  
Perform in recompense ?

*Mephis.* For that you have  
A long, long respite.

*Faust.* Nay, nay,—answer me ;  
The Devil is an egotist, and ne'er  
Does good to others for the love of God.  
Let me know the condition. Such a servant  
Brings danger to a house.

*Mephis.* Then Faustus, here,  
Here do I bind myself to be thy servant,  
And at thy nod forsake repose and ease :  
When in another place we meet hereafter,  
Thou'lt do the like for me.

*Faust.* That other place  
Gives me but small concern. When thou hast crushed  
This world to ruin, let another rise.  
From this earth all my sorrows spring ; this sun  
Shines upon all my sorrows : once set free  
And separate from them, then let the worst  
That will and may, betide. I'll hear no more

On such a subject, nor inquire again  
Whether beyond the grave man loves and hates,  
Or the distinctions of mortality  
Exist in yonder spheres.

*Mephis.* With such a feeling  
You may proceed. Then bind yourself, and soon  
My arts shall minister to your delight,  
And I will give thee things which human eye  
As yet ne'er feasted on.

*Faust.* What can'st thou give,  
Thou miserable fiend ? can man's high spirit,  
Full of immortal longings, be by such  
As thou art, comprehended ? Thou profferest food  
Which mocks its eager appetite : yellow gold,  
That melts like quicksilver in the grasping hand ;  
Games at which none e'er won ; enchanting woman,  
To lean upon my breast, and while she leans there  
Woo with her treacherous smiles another victim,  
To sport and perish in them ; and bright honour,  
Object of highest worship, yet a meteor  
Around which darkness closes. No, no, no :  
Shew me the fruit that withers ere 'tis pluck'd,  
And trees that day by day their green renewing,  
Bloom in perennial beauty.

*Mephis.* Thou demandest  
Hard things, and yet I shrink not. Thou shalt have  
The treasures which thou seekest ; but, my friend,  
The hour is coming when we may enjoy  
All that is good, in safety.

*Faust.* Would that I  
Could but for one short moment rest in peace,  
Tho' the next should destroy me. Could you, by  
Flattery or spell, seduce me to the feeling  
Of one short throb of pleasure ; let the hour  
That brings it be my last. Take you my offer ?

*Mephis.* I do accept it.

*Faust.* Be the bargain ratified !  
And if at any moment I exclaim  
" Linger, still linger, beautiful illusions,"

Then throw me into fetters; then I'll sink,  
And willingly, to ruin. Ring my death-knell;  
Thy service then is o'er; the clock may pause,  
And the hand fall, and time be mine no longer.

*Mephis.* Think of your contract well; 'twill be remember'd.

*Faust.* You're fully authorised. I have not rashly  
Plighted my vow. Remorseless fate has doom'd me  
To be a fettered slave. What matters it,  
Or thine, or whose?

Mephistopheles then requires the contract to be written and signed with blood, to which Faustus assents, declaring that he is weary of human knowledge, dissatisfied and disgusted with his state and occupation; that he looks forward to no enjoyment in future, but that which is to be derived from the practice of magic, and wishes to experience all the feelings, as well of pain as of pleasure, which were divided amongst the whole human species. Mephistopheles tells him that man is not made "to digest the old and bitter leaven of sorrow," and advises him to plunge into the vortex of society, and woo the pleasures of sense. Whilst they are discussing this mystical lore, the step of one of Faustus's pupils is heard on the stairs. Faustus declares that he will not see him, and Mephistopheles offers to sustain the interview in the doctor's gown and cap, and in the short interval during which he is left alone, soliloquizes thus, on the thoughts and condition of his absent disciple:—

Yes; despise

Reason and knowledge; man's sublimest powers.  
Permit thy heart to be by the foul spirit  
Hardened in magical delusions; then  
Thou wilt be all my own. Fate has bestowed

A soul upon him that still presses forwards,  
And whose unlimited desires outstrip  
The joy of dull mortality. I'll drag him  
Thro' the world's wilderness—thro' tame inanity:  
He still shall sprawl, stop, cleave to me; the food  
For which he thirsts and hungers shall torment  
His aching vision, yet elude his lips:  
Still, still unsatisfied, he shall in vain  
Pant after new delights. Tho' he had ne'er  
Bartered his soul to man's eternal foe,  
Ruin must have overtaken him at last.

The student enters, and discourses, as he supposes, with his master, on the prosecution of his studies. The Devil seems to please himself by confusing the senses of his auditor with an elaborate survey of the sciences, all of which he treats with equal sarcasm and contempt. Logic, metaphysics, law, and divinity, fall successively under the lash of his satire, until the poor bewildered student protests, that "all seems a dream to him," and begs but one favour, which is, that the Doctor will inscribe a sentence in his album. Mephistopheles writes, and the student reads this inscription:

*Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.*

He then puts up the book with great reverence, and retires.

*Enter FAUSTUS.*

*Faust.* Whither shall we go now?

*Mephis.* Whither you please.

We will explore the great and little world.

What joy, what benefit, you will experience!

*Faust.* But with this long, grey beard, methinks I want  
The easy manners of the world. I cannot  
Make this attempt successfully. I never  
As yet could learn the happy art of moving







ALCHEMIST'S WORKSHOP









FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES IN THE TAVERN.





In the world's pageant gracefully. The presence  
Of others makes me insignificant.  
I shall be ever awkward and ungainly.

*Mephis.* That happy art, my friend, may soon be learned.  
So soon as you feel confidence, so soon  
The art of life is learned.

*Faust.* How shall we proceed?  
Where are your horses, grooms, and carriages?  
*Mephis.* Look at this mantle! only spread it forth,  
And it will bear us through the impassive air.  
Take thou nor store, nor scrip: a little gas  
Which I will presently prepare, will bear us  
From the earth nimbly; if we be but light,  
We shall mount rapidly. I give you joy  
Of your new course of life.

The first picture of life which Mephistopheles presents to the observation of Faustus, is a club of companions singing and drinking in a cellar at Leipzig. These are the easy sojourners in the land of existence, who, as the demon remarks, "move in a narrow circle, like kittens hunting their own tails." Faustus and Mephistopheles are welcomed by the revellers, who nevertheless seem struck with the strange shape and halting gait of Mephistopheles, on which they pass some jokes, and ask him to sing them a song. He complies, and says he would drink if they had better wine to give him. He offers, however, to supply them with some of the best wine from his own cellar, if they will bring him a gimblet. They get one, and he tells each to choose the wine he prefers, requesting also some wax, to serve for stoppers. Mephistopheles then bores a hole in the table, opposite the spot at which each person is seated, and stops all the holes up with the wax, repeating with strange ejaculations the following spell:—

Grapes does the vine bear;  
Horns does the goat wear;  
The vine is wood, tho' wine is juice,  
This wooden table can wine produce;  
Here a lesson profound of Nature receive,  
Here is a miracle, only believe.  
Now draw the corks, and make merry.

They draw the corks, and each has the wine he longed for. Mephistopheles warns them not to spill a drop. They drink immoderately. Meanwhile Mephistopheles desires Faustus to observe the boors, and he will see them punished for their bestiality. One of the party carelessly lets some of his wine fall on the ground: it turns to fire, but Mephistopheles appeases the flame with this charm, "Be quiet, friendly element." The boors, who by this time are pretty well advanced in liquor, begin to quarrel with Mephistopheles. Another unlucky guest draws one of the waxen stoppers from the table, and fire flies in his face. He shrieks with pain; the whole company unsheath their knives, and approach Mephistopheles, who with a solemn voice and gesture, pronounces—

False word and face,  
Change sense and place;  
Be here and be there.

They stand amazed and look at each other. A momentary phrenzy and mental delusion seize them: they imagine themselves transported to a vine-yard, and each, imposed upon by a ludicrous deception, seizes his neighbour's nose, and prepares to cut it off, mistaking it for a bunch of grapes.

*Mephis.* Delusion from their eyes the spell withdraw,  
Remember, how the devil sported with you.

He vanishes with Faustus. The boors release each other, and express their mutual astonishment.

Faustus is then taken with Mephistopheles in search of the elixir of life. With the view of discovering this, they explore—

#### A WITCH'S KITCHEN.

On a low hearth a large cauldron stands over the fire. In the smoke which arises from it several figures appear. A female cat-monkey, is sitting by the cauldron, skimming it, and watching, lest it should boil over. A male cat-monkey, with the young ones, sits near, warming itself. The walls and roof are covered with the strange furniture of a witch's habitation. Faustus is disgusted with this scene of witchcraft, and still more at the uninviting appearance of the liquid contained in the cauldron. He desires recourse to be had to some other means of renovating life. The devil declares that he knows of no other, except the natural specifics of air, regimen, diet, and hard labour. This is too grovelling a process for one who strives to match himself with spirits. "But why," he inquires, "cannot you prepare the draught yourself?" The answer is ready:—'tis the work of time, and requires the patient care of the hag, who possesses the knowledge of its singular and marvellous ingredients. Mephistopheles directs the attention of Faustus to the familiars, half monkeys, and half cats. There is a demi-human intelligence in their behaviour and language, which are nevertheless ludicrously absurd. Mephistopheles inquires after their mistress. They answer in a confused jingle of rhyme—

She feasts away  
From home to-day,  
Up at the chimney's top.

Faustus again testifies his disgust, when the male monkey crawls up to Mephistopheles, and fawns upon him, making an almost unintelligible demand for money. The young animals are meanwhile amusing themselves with rolling a large ball or globe backwards and forwards, the old monkey uttering a wild comment on their sport, of which the following is a part:—

Like that ball  
Does earth rise and fall  
And keep rolling rolling around;  
Like glass it jingles,  
Like that in dust mingles,  
And 'tis hollow beneath the ground.

This mummerly continues, until Faustus, who has been standing before a mirror, approaches it, and then hastily retreats, exclaiming—

What do I see? what heavenly form is that  
Reflected on yon magic mirror's surface?  
O love! the swiftest of thy pinions lead,  
And bear me to her presence. Wonderful!  
When nearer I approach, and leave the spot  
Where I now stand entranced, as in a mist  
I trace her lovely form. Fairest of Women;  
And can it be that Woman is so fair?  
Oppressed and fetter'd by this baser form,  
Gaze I on all the beauty heaven contains,  
Or is there aught so excellent on earth?

Mephistopheles mocks his transport, and as Faustus still remains with his eyes rivetted on the illusion, the devil throws himself into a chair, and sports with the animals. These exhibit several extraordinary









FRANCIS AND METHIST PRELATES IN THE WITCHES' CHURCH















EMMETT SEES "HAROLD" FOR THE FIRST TIME







antics, and present him with a crown, which they immediately drop on the ground and dash to pieces.

The cauldron, which during their awkward attempts to ingratiate themselves with Mephistopheles, they had neglected, now boils over, and a great flame darts up the chimney, whence the witch descends with a terrific shriek. She first vents her imprecations on her familiars, and then, perceiving Faustus and Mephistopheles, thus addresses them:—

What do I see?  
And who are ye?  
What want ye with me?  
What brought you hither?  
May the fire-pan wither  
Your bones together!

She then stirs the cauldron, and sprinkles Faustus, Mephistopheles, and the animals, with flames. The monkeys utter a cry of anguish, but Mephistopheles discovers himself, and sharply reprimands the witch for not recognizing her visitor before. She excuses herself by pleading that she did not observe his cloven foot, and that he was unattended by his ravens. He admits the excuse for once, and informs her that the improvement which has taken place in the world, has extended to the devil: the northern phantom, with his tail, claws, and horns, he informs her, is a nonentity; that he still retains the hoof as a mark of distinction, but disguises his legs as much as possible. He now requires a glass of the elixir for Faustus, which the witch readily gives, first calling Mephistopheles aside, and reminding him that if the stranger drinks unprepared, he will not live an hour. The devil says there is no danger, for he is a friend.

The witch, making strange gesticulations, then draws a circle, and places several extraordinary implements within it. The glasses begin to jingle, and the cauldron to bubble and simmer. The witch takes a large book, places the cat-monkeys also within the circle, and gives them a light to hold, resting her book upon them. She motions Faustus to approach her.

She then, with strong emphasis, pronounces a mystical spell, and finally pours out the elixir, which Faustus is about to drink, when he perceives a light flame rise from it. He starts back, but, encouraged by Mephistopheles, at length drains the goblet. The witch breaks the circle; Faustus steps out, and is desired by his conductor not to remain passive, but to keep in constant motion, that the elixir may produce its effect. Faustus still casts a lingering look towards the mirror, but Mephistopheles hurries him away, consoling him with the assurance that he shall soon behold the model of female perfection, but adding, in an under tone, "After the draught you have swallowed, you will soon think every woman a Helen."

SCENE.—*The Street.*

FAUSTUS and MARGARET crossing the Stage.

*Faust.* Lovely lady, may I venture to offer you my arm and protection?

*Marg.* I am neither a lady, nor lovely, and I can go home without protection. [*Disengages herself, and exit.*]

*Faust.* By heaven! this girl is beautiful, more beautiful than any woman I ever saw; she is so modest and virtuous, although a

little pert. Red lips, blooming cheeks—I shall never forget this day! The manner in which she cast down her eyes is indelibly stamped upon my heart. How quickly she was displeased! This is quite transporting.

*Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.*

*Faust.* Hear me: I must have that maiden.

*Mephis.* Which?

*Faust.* She who has just passed.

*Mephis.* She? She came from her confessor, who has just given her absolution. I listened hard by: she is quite an innocent creature, who had nothing to confess. I have no power over her.

Faustus threatens Mephistopheles to part from him at midnight, if he does not procure her for him that very night. Mephistopheles declares that he dares not use force, but must employ cunning, for which a fortnight at least is requisite, but promises to introduce Faustus into her chamber.

*Faust.* Can we go now?

*Mephis.* It is too early.

*Faust.* Take care, and procure a present for her.

*Mephis.* Making presents already! Bravo! he gets on. I know many hidden treasures, and many a good spot to search in. I must look about me a little. *[Exit.]*

TIME.—*Evening.*

SCENE.—*A small but neat Chamber.*

MARGARET *braiding and binding up her Hair.*

*Marg.* I would give something to learn who that gentleman was whom I met to-day: he had a noble mien, and was certainly of high birth: I could read it in his looks: he would not else have been so presuming. *[Exit.]*

*Enter MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUSTUS.*

*Mephis.* Come in, softly, come in.

*Faust.* *(after a short pause.)* Pray leave me alone.

*Mephis.* *(prying about.)* Not many maidens are so neat.

*[Exit.]*

*Faust.* *(looking around.)* Hail, thou soft twilight, sweetly hallowing

This sanctuary. Pleasing pain of love,  
Pierce to my inmost heart, which still is feeding  
On Hope's soft dew. A lovely stillness seems  
To reign within this chamber. 'Tis th' abode  
Of order and content. Oh! there is wealth  
In poverty like this, and happiness  
Can dwell within a dungeon.

He continues in this train of meditation until Mephistopheles re-enters.

*Mephis.* Quick! I see her coming below

*Faust.* Away! away! I ne'er will leave this spot.

Mephistopheles produces a casket, which he places in the cupboard. He then again urges Faustus to depart, which the latter at length consents to do.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter MARGARET bearing a lamp.*

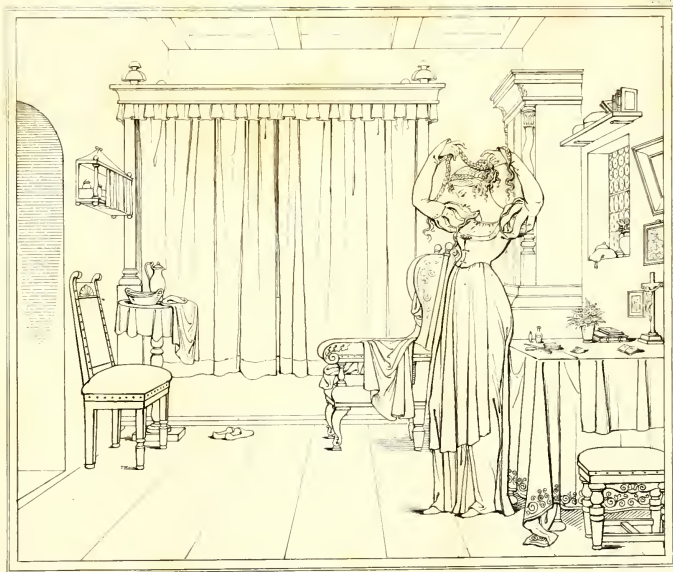
*Marg.* How close and sultry it is here! *(Opens the window.)* and yet it is not warm without. I feel I know not how. I would my mother were come home. A shivering runs through my whole body. What a foolish fearful girl I am!

She sings a ballad, undressing at the same time. She then opens the cupboard to put by her clothes, and discovers the casket of jewels.

*Marg.* How did this beautiful casket come here? I am sure I locked the cupboard. 'Tis very wonderful. What can be in it? Perhaps somebody left it as a pledge, and my mother has lent some money upon it. There is a small key tied to it; I think I will







*Design of a Chamber*

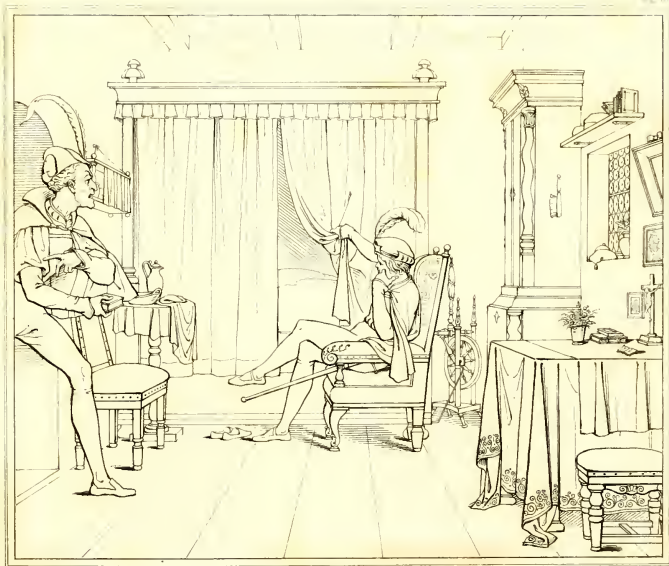
MARGARET IN HER CHAMBER.









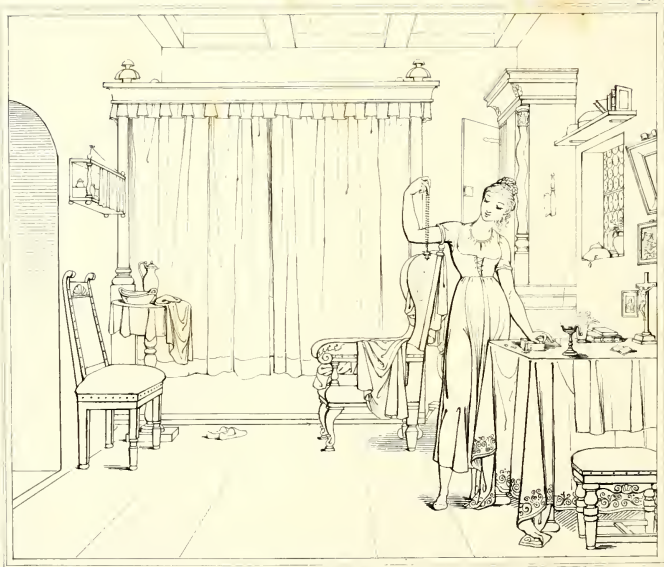


Engraving by Henry Moore.

PAINT INTRODUCED INTO MARGARET'S CHAMBER BY MEPHISTOPHELES.







Engraved by J. H. Smith.

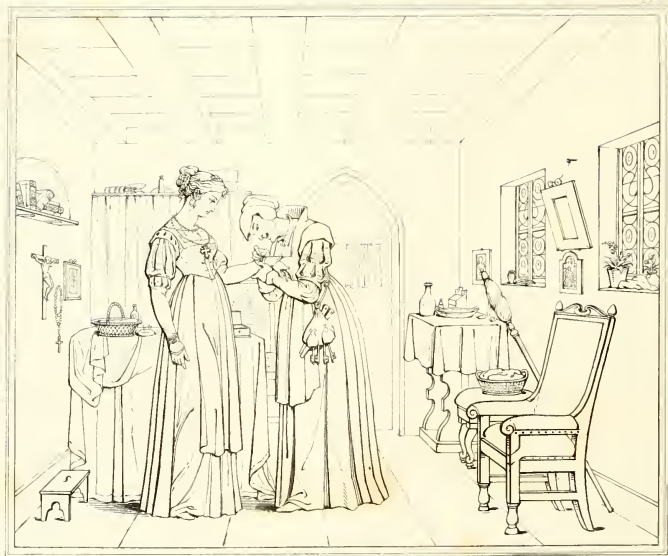
MARGARET ADMIRING THE JEWELS LEFT BY MEPHISTOPHELES.











Illustrated by Henry M. M.

MARGARET SHOWS HER TREASURES TO MARTHA.





open it. What is this? Heavens! look here. I never saw any thing like it. Jewels! A noble lady might wear these on the gayest holiday. How would this chain become me? To whom can all this finery belong?

*[She decorates herself with the jewels, and walks before the glass. I only wish these ear-rings were mine. I look quite another thing with them on. What avails beauty, young girls? It is very well, but that's all. You are praised and pitied with the same breath. All hunt after gold. All depends on it. Alas! we poor maidens.*

SCENE.—*A Public Walk.*

*Enter FAUSTUS in deep meditation, and to him MEPHISTOPHELES.*

Mephistopheles pretends extreme vexation, and Faustus desiring to know the cause, the former acquaints him that Margaret's mother had discovered the jewels; that being convinced they had been left for an unworthy purpose, she had obliged her daughter to make an offering of them to the virgin; and that with this intent she had sent for her confessor, and delivered the casket into his hands. Faustus inquires how Margaret bore the loss of her finery. Mephistopheles answers that she was very unwilling to part with it, and adds that now

Uneasily she sits,

Nor knows she what she wants, or what desires;  
Thinks of the precious jewels morn and night,  
But thinks still more of him who sent them to her.

Faustus expresses compassion for her mortification, and directs Mephistopheles to procure for her another casket more splendid than the first, and to continue to pay court to the convenient neighbour Martha. With these injunctions he departs.

*Mephis. (solus.)* So fond a fool would blow into the air  
Earth, sun, moon, and all the heavenly bodies,  
As a mere pastime to amuse his love.

*[Exit.*

SCENE.—*Neighbour Martha's Dwelling.*

Martha is discovered in tears. She laments the state of uncertainty she is in with respect to the fate of her husband, who has abandoned her, and whom she believes to be dead. She expresses a wish to have a certificate of the fact of his death, to set her mind at rest. Margaret enters with the second casket, which she has just found, and brought to shew to her friend Martha. The latter advises her not to inform her mother, lest she should transfer this casket also to the confessor. Margaret is half wild with joy at the sight of so many brilliant ornaments. She tries them on, and looks at herself in the glass; but one cause of mortification still remains; she cannot wear them in the streets, or exhibit them at church, for fear of her mother's anger. Martha invites her to call upon her frequently, when, she says, they can admire them together; she suggests that some opportunity may offer for displaying them; some festival may take place, at which she can bring them out singly, and thus elude observation. Whilst they are engaged in conversation, Mephistopheles enters, and inquires for Martha by her name. Martha discovers herself, and Mephistopheles takes her aside, declaring that he has something of importance to communicate, but that he is reluctant to intrude in the presence of Margaret, whom he pretends to take for a young

lady of quality. The garrulous old woman immediately communicates his mistake to Margaret, who seems flattered by it, but informs him that she is of but humble birth, and that the jewels which she wears do not belong to her. Mephistopheles politely observes that it was not the jewels, but the dignity of her appearance, which occasioned his error. He then informs Martha that her husband is dead, and desired to be remembered to her with his latest breath. Martha burst into tears. Margaret attempts to console her, and Mephistopheles begs her to listen to the conclusion of the melancholy tale. "Her husband," he adds, "lies buried in consecrated ground, attached to St. Anthony's church, at Padua." She inquires if he had sent her any thing. "Yes," rejoins Mephistopheles, "one strict injunction, to cause three hundred masses to be said for his soul; for the rest, my pockets are empty." Martha is offended that he did not send her a keep-sake, and is still more so when she learns that he attributed his desertion of home to the usage he received from her, and that he had spent all he gained upon a fair damsel at Naples. Mephistopheles advises her, when the term of mourning is expired, to look out for another husband. He sportively makes her a half offer of himself, but perceiving that she is "nothing loath," says aside, "now it is time to be off; she would tie the devil himself to his word." He turns to Margaret—

*Mephis.* What is the state of your heart?

*Marg.* What do you mean sir?

*Mephis.* (*aside.*) A good girl—quite innocent.—(*aloud.*) Ladies! Farewell!

Martha begs him, as he is going, to procure for her a certificate of the time and manner of her husband's death and burial, in order that she may have it inserted in the *Weekly Gazette*. Mephistopheles observes that the testimony of two witnesses is requisite, and offers to bring a friend of his with him, who will willingly depose to the fact before the proper tribunal. He expatiates on his friend's courteous manners. Margaret makes a timid remark, and Martha concludes the conversation, by stating that they will wait the arrival of their visitors that evening in the garden.

SCENE.—*The Street.*

*Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHELES.*

*Faust.* How now! can it be done? Shall we succeed, and speedily?

*Mephis.* 'Tis well: I find you hot.

Margaret will soon be yours; for at the house Of her near neighbour, Martha, who seems born To play the procress, we shall this night see her.

*Faust.* 'Tis well.

*Mephis.* Yet something still will be required of us.

*Faust.* One service well deserves another.

*Mephis.* We must give valid evidence that the body Of Martha's husband rests in holy ground At Padua.

*Faust.* A rare project truly: we must make The journey first.

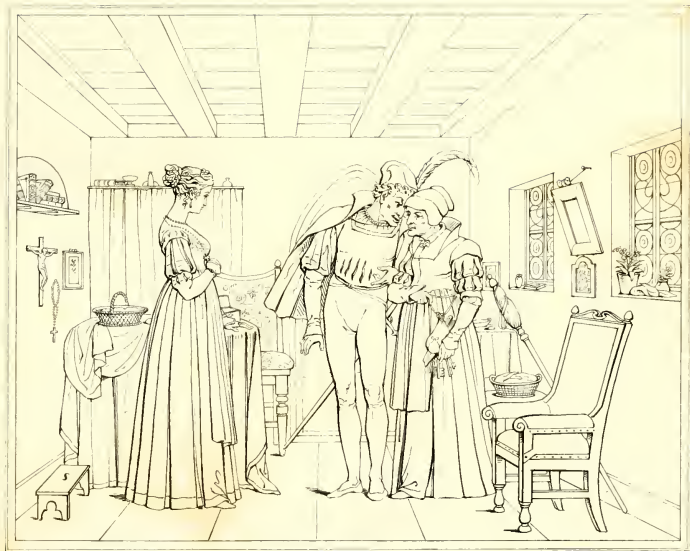
*Mephis.* Sancta simplicitas! There is no need of that: you can depose, Tho' you know nought about the fact.

*Faust.* If you Have nothing better plann'd than this, the project Must be abandoned.

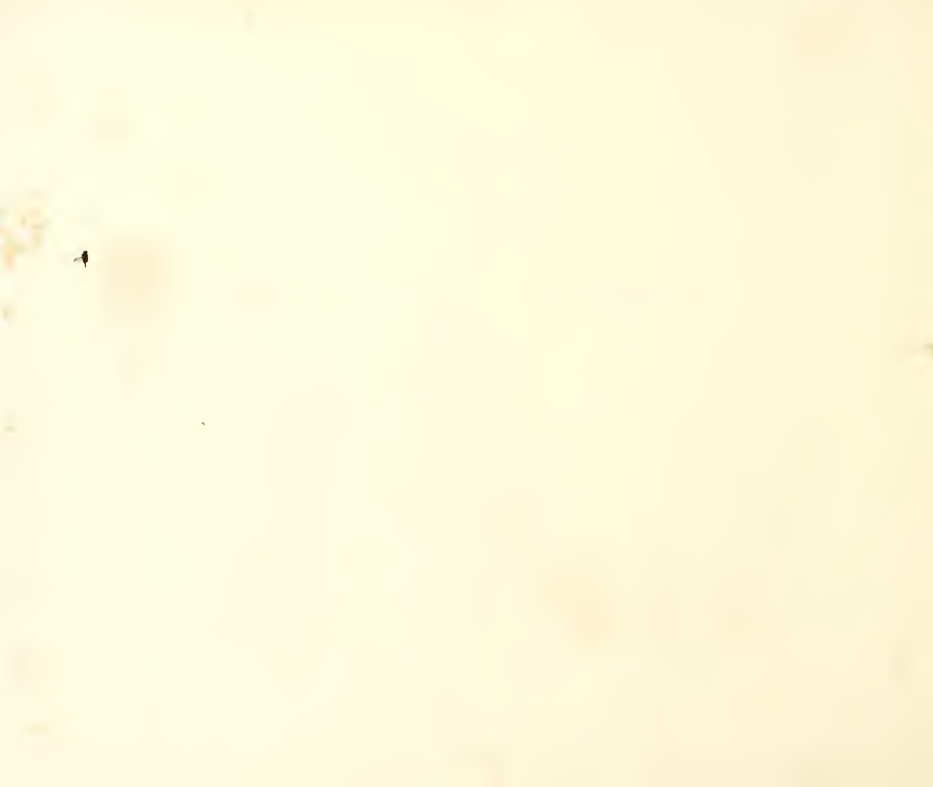








MEPHISTOPHELES (SPEAKING TO THE OTHER TWO)



*Mephis.* Oh, most pious man!  
Has this become a stumbling-block? Would this  
Be the first moment of your life in which  
You've borne false witness? Did you never give  
Sage definitions of God—earth—and all  
That dwells therein;—of man, and every impulse  
Of head and heart; all given positively  
With unseared conscience and unblushing front?  
Yet weigh the subject duly; you'll confess  
You had as little knowledge of these things  
As of this good man's death.

*Faust.* Devil! thou art,  
And will be still a sophist and a liar.

*Mephis.* Yes, yes! if that were all I knew. Will you not,  
Honourable as you call yourself, to-morrow  
Delude poor Margaret, and swear you love her  
Even from your very soul.

*Faust.* Aye, and swear truly.

*Mephis.* 'Tis wond'rous well: and then you'll add love, truth,  
Eternal truth, and passion uncontrollable.  
Will that be truly sworn too?

*Faust.* No more: it will:  
When my heart labours with impassioned feelings,  
I seek for names to call them by, and find none.  
Then do I wander through the world, and catch  
Words of high import, and this fire which wastes me  
I call eternal, endless, everlasting.  
Is that a false and lying trick of hell?

Faustus finally yields to the reasoning of Mephistopheles, and they depart together.

#### SCENE.—A Garden.

*Enter MARGARET leaning upon the arm of FAUSTUS,  
MEPHISTOPHELES leading MARTHA.—They walk up and down.*

The conversation between Faustus and Margaret  
in this scene is interrupted at the parts marked with

asterisks by another disconnected dialogue between  
Mephistopheles and Martha, who advance and deliver  
their sentiments as the former retreat. In this  
dialogue Martha lays strong siege to the heart of  
Mephistopheles, who answers in his usual ironical  
and sarcastic manner.

*Marg.* I see you put up with my rudeness, Sir,  
And in your goodness thus demean yourself,  
To make me blush. Travellers are so polite!  
I'm well persuaded, to so learn'd a man  
My simple prating must be dull indeed.

*Faust. (kissing her hand.)* One look from you, one word of  
yours contains  
More than the wisdom of this world.

*Marg.* Aye, out of sight, and out of mind. Politeness  
Yields you full store of compliment, but friends  
You have, yes, many friends, who're wiser, far  
Than I.

*Faust.* Nay, dearest! what the world calls wisdom,  
Believe me, oft is vanity and folly.

*Marg.* How?

*Faust.* Oh ne'er do innocence, and simple virtue,  
Know their own value, and their holiest worth.  
Sweet modesty and mild humility  
Are the most precious blessings which the hand  
Of bounteous, lovely Nature, showers down  
Upon an earthly head.

*Marg.* Think of me only for a single moment:  
I shall have time enough to think of you.

*Faust.* Are you, then, often much alone?

*Marg.* Yes; for our family is but small; and yet  
Requires attendance; we maintain no servant:  
It is my task to cook and tend the house,  
Knit, sew, and toil from morn till eventide:  
Besides, my mother is so strict and nice,  
Not that she need, indeed, be quite so frugal:

My father left a competence—a small house  
And garden; yet I rarely cease from toil.  
My brother is a soldier; my young sister  
Is in her grave: I had much trouble with her,  
Yet willingly would I endure it all  
Again, I loved her so—even from my heart.

*Faust.* If she resembled you she was an angel.

*Marg.* One moment stay.

*(She gathers a flower, and plucks the leaves off one by one.)*

*Faust.* What is that for? a nosegay?

*Marg.* No, only play.

*Faust.* What play?

*Marg.* Go to; you'll laugh.

*(She tears the flower, and mutters something indistinctly.)*

*Faust.* What is that you say so softly?

*Marg. (half aloud.)* He loves me—loves me not.

*Faust.* Sweet heavenly countenance!

*Marg. (repeating.)* He loves me—loves me not.—He loves me—not.

*(Plucks the last leaf, and exclaims, with wild delight.)*

He loves me!

*Faust.* Yes, yes, my love, and be this flowery omen

To thee an oracle of heaven. He loves thee!

Know'st thou the meaning of these words, "he loves thee?"

He seizes both her hands, but Margaret soon disengages herself, and runs off. He stands a moment lost in thought, and then follows her. Mephistopheles and Martha re-enter.

*Martha.* Night approaches.

*Mephis.* Yes, we must away.

*Martha.* I willingly would press your stay, but here

Scandal abounds; here every eye is turned

To watch its neighbour's steps; even we should not

Escape. But where do our young couple loiter?

*Mephis.* They have just flown away up yonder walk.

A pretty pair of sportive butterflies.

*Martha.* He seems to be enamoured of the girl.

*Mephis.* And she of him—thus runs the world away. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE.—A Summer-house.

MARGARET comes jumping in, conceals herself behind the door, presses her fingers to her lips, and peeps through the chink.

*Marg.* He is coming.

*Enter FAUSTUS.*

*Faust.* You little rogue, and is it thus you trick me?

Ha! have I caught you?—*(kisses her.)*

*Marg. (returning his kiss.)* Thou best of men! I love thee from my heart. [*Mephis. knocks at the door.*]

*Faust. (stamping with impatience.)* Who's there?

*Mephis.* A friend.

*Faust.* A beast.

*Mephis.* 'Tis time to leave; we must depart.

*Martha. (entering.)* Indeed, Sir, it is late.

*Faust.* May I not see you home?

*Marg.* My mother would—Farewell!

*Martha.* Adieu!

*Marg.* Soon to meet again.

[*Exeunt FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHELES.*]

*Marg.* Dear me, how wise he is! I stand before him quite ashamed, and answer "yes" to all he asks. I am a very silly creature. I cannot think what 'tis he sees in me. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE.—A Forest and Cavern.

*Faust.* Oh, thou great Spirit! thou hast given to me All, all that I desired. Thou hast not turned Thy beaming countenance in vain upon me. Thou gav'st me glorious Nature for a kingdom, The faculty to feel and to enjoy her. Thou didst not merely grant a cold short glimpse, But laid her deepest mysteries open to me, As a friend's bosom. All created things Thou mak'st to pass before me; and the beings Peopling the fragile leaf—the air—the waters—Are to my sight revealed; while, when the storm







Engraved by Henry Moses

THE DECISION OF THE FLOWER.











GEORGE KEPT FATHER IN THE SUMMER HOUSE



Howls crackling through the forest—tearing down  
 The giant pines, crushing both trunk and branch,  
 And makes the hills re-echo to their fall,  
 Then to the sheltering cave thou ledest me,  
 And there layest bare the deep and secret places  
 Of my own heart. There I may gaze upon  
 The still moon wandering through the pathless heaven;  
 While on the rocky ramparts, from the damp  
 Moist bushes, rise the forms of ages past  
 In silvery majesty, and moderate  
 The too wild luxury of silent thought.  
 Oh! now I find and feel the lot of man  
 Is not perfection: with this high delight  
 Which brings me near and nearer to the gods,  
 Thou gavest me an associate, without whom  
 I can exist no more, though insolent  
 And cold, he humbles me into myself,  
 And turns thy gifts to nothing with a breath.  
 With busy malice in my breast he fans  
 An ardent flame for that bright form of beauty.  
 Thus from desire I reel on to enjoyment,  
 And in enjoyment languish for desire.

*Enter* MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Mephis.* Are you not weary of this life? How long  
 Can it bestow enjoyment? 'Tis enough  
 To taste but once, then on to something new.

*Faust.* Would you had other occupation  
 Than to torment me on a happy day!

*Mephis.* Well, I can leave you to yourself most willingly;  
 You would not say thus much to me in earnest.  
 Such a companion, so unkind, so harsh,  
 So mad, is verily not much to lose.  
 All the day long my hands have toil'd for thee,  
 And yet in my lord's looks I ne'er can trace  
 The purpose of his mind—or what he wishes  
 Accomplished, what untried.

*Faust.* That's the right tone—  
 Look you for thanks for being wearisome?

*Mephis.* Poor child of earth! how would'st thou have dragged  
 thro'—

This life without me? Long ago I rescued thee  
 From the vain phantasms of imagination;  
 And were it not for me thou would'st ere this  
 Have ceased to tread this globe. Why dost thou thus  
 Flit like a weak-eyed owl in caves and clefts?  
 Why like the toad draw nourishment obscene  
 From moss and dripping stones? 'Tis fitting pastime—  
 You have not yet renounced your former calling.

*Faust.* Could'st thou divine what rapturous blissfulness  
 This wandering in the wilderness imparts,  
 Thou would'st be devil enough to envy me.

*Mephis.* Envy thee what? thy lying on the mountains  
 Amidst the night-dew? Yearning to embrace  
 All earth and heaven?—swelling thy pigmy spirit  
 In fond imagination to a god's?—  
 Rooting from out thee every trace of earth?—  
 Feeling a whole week's business in thy bosom,  
 And arrogantly grasping unknown bliss  
 Till thou seem'st earth's no more; and then the high,  
 The word'rous intuition? (*with a grimace*.) I dare not  
 Proceed.—

*Faust.* Fye on you!

*Mephis.* You're displeased,  
 And you must utter now the well-bred "fye."  
 We must not whisper to chaste ears of that  
 Which chaste hearts can't dispense with. Briefly, then,  
 I grant you now and then the bliss of lying,  
 But it must not last long. You have been sinking  
 Into your former state, and soon will be  
 As wretched as at first. Enough of this;  
 Your true love sits at home, and all goes cross  
 With her: she cannot root you from her heart;  
 She loves you—passionately loves you. Once  
 You could return affection, and your love  
 Was like a brook swollen with melted snow;  
 The brook is shallow now again. Methinks,  
 Instead of reigning like a monarch here,

Amidst the woods and wilds, 'twere well if you  
 Would stoop your greatness to the poor fond girl  
 Whose heart is breaking for you. Time seems long,  
 Piteously long to her, and at her window  
 She stands and gazes at the busy crowd  
 Upon the town walls. "Would I were a bird!"  
 That is her song from morn till eventide;  
 And sometimes she is cheerful—oftener sad;  
 Tears then will fill her eyes, and then again  
 A seeming calmness fills her heart, but love  
 Is its unwearied inmate.

*Faust.* Serpent! serpent!

*Mephis. (aside.)* Aye; I shall catch you yet.

*Faust.* Cursed villain!

Begone: name not that lovely creature:—do not  
 Invite my half-inferiuated senses  
 To wish her mine again.

*Mephis.*

What then must be

The sad result? She thinks you have forsaken her;  
 And so you have almost.

*Faust.*

Nay, I am near her;

And were the winds and waves a barrier 'twixt us,  
 I never can forget her, ne'er forsake her.

*Mephis.* Well, my friend, often have I envied you  
 Beneath the roses, like two twins embracing.

*Faust.* Away, base pander!

*Mephis.* Ah! you abuse me: I must laugh.

Now 'tis great pity—you shall once more enter  
 Her chamber, not to death.

*Faust.*

What joy,

What heavenly joy is in her arms! Oh! let me  
 Repose upon her bosom: do I not  
 Participate her woe? Oh! am I not  
 The fugitive—the houseless wanderer—  
 The wild barbarian without an object?  
 Or like a cataract that from rock to rock  
 With eager fury leaps heralding ruin;—  
 And she with childlike passions undisturbed  
 In her own little cottage, girt around

With smiling fields, rested, without a wish  
 Beyond that narrow world! but I, th' abhorred  
 Of God, was not content to seize the rocks  
 And beat them into fragments, but even her,  
 And her young mind's sweet peace, I undermin'd,  
 And made a ruin there. Hell, take thy victim;  
 Help me, thou devil, to cut short those hours  
 Of torture! Let what must be, be at once!  
 May her fate overwhelm me—when I sink  
 Let her sink with me!

*Mephis.*

How you foam and rave!

Go in, fool, and console her. Your weak fancy,  
 When it cannot perceive the outlet, thinks  
 The end is come at once. Long live the brave!  
 Now, Faustus, thou art well nigh demonized:  
 There is nought more ridiculous than this—  
 A devil that despairs.

SCENE.—*Margaret's Chamber.*

MARGARET at her *Spinning-Wheel.*

SINGS.

My peace of mind's ruin'd;

My bosom is sore:

I ne'er meet him now,

I shall ne'er meet him more.

Where he is not present,

A dark grave I see;

The universe round

Is a prison to me.

My poor shatter'd reason

Is quickly departing;

And my poor foolish heart

With sorrow is smarting.

My peace of mind's ruin'd;

My bosom is sore:

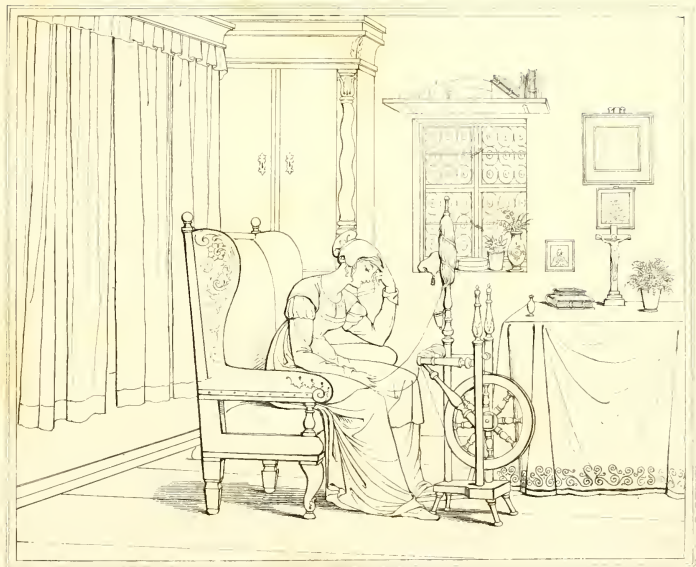
I ne'er meet him now,

I shall ne'er meet him more.











I open my window,  
 And watch for him there,  
 I go forth and wander,  
 And search every where.  
 His firm stately tread,  
 His form, manly and high,  
 The smile on his lip,  
 And the fire of his eye :  
 And his eloquent tongue  
 Dropping accents of bliss,  
 His hand's gentle pressure,  
 And, ah ! me, his kiss.  
 My peace of mind's ruin'd ;  
 My bosom is sore :  
 I ne'er meet him now,  
 I shall ne'er meet him more.  
 My wild bosom swells  
 At the thought of his coming,  
 Oh ! could I but clasp him,  
 And keep him from roaming ;  
 And give him one kiss,  
 As I should then so madly,  
 And receive but his kisses,  
 I would die then, how gladly !

SCENE.—*Martha's Garden.*

MARGARET and FAUSTUS.

*Marg.* Promise me, Henry.*Faust.* I promise whatever is in my power.*Marg.* Pray tell me what are your sentiments with respect to religion ? You are a perfectly good man, and yet, methinks, you do not much regard it.*Faust.* Abandon that topic, dearest. You feel that I am kind to you. I would lay down my life for her I love, and will never rob any human being of his faith and his religion.*Marg.* This will not suffice : you must believe.*Faust.* Must I ?*Marg.* Ah ! if I could but prevail on you. You do not venerate the holy sacraments.*Faust.* I do.*Marg.* But still without desiring to partake of them. It is long since you have been to mass or confession. Do you believe in God ?

Faustus replies to this interrogatory by one of those mystical definitions of belief in God which characterize the professors of natural religion. Margaret, however, notwithstanding her girlish simplicity, has too much good sense to be imposed upon by general professions of faith calculated to cover any kind of religious creed. She tells him he has no Christianity, and, desirous apparently to turn from so unpleasant a subject, she then changes the conversation, and then expresses her dislike to her lover's constant companion, Mephistopheles.

*Marg.* It has to me been a long source of grief To meet with you in such society.*Faust.* How so ?*Marg.* The man whom you associate with Is hateful to my sight. In all my life My heart has never felt so deep a stab As that man's hideous aspect gives it.*Faust.* Angel ;  
 Fear him not.*Marg.* Oh ! his presence stirs my blood.

I have a kindly feeling for all men ;  
 But greatly as I long to see you, Henry,  
 I meet him with you, with an inward shudder,  
 And have a deep conviction he's a villain.  
 May heaven forgive me if I do him wrong !

*Faust.* In this wide world there must be such as he.*Marg.* I would not live with any such as he,  
 No, not for worlds. When in our house he enters,  
 He casts around him a malicious glance,

And almost grieve—'tis plain he feels for none.  
 'Tis written on his brow that human soul  
 He cannot love : when on thy breast reclined  
 I feel so easy, fondly confident,  
 That man's appearance withers every feeling.

*Faust.* Oh ! thou sweet warning angel,

*Marg.* It o'erpowers

So strongly every feeling of my heart,  
 That if his presence shocks my sight much longer,  
 I think 'twill stifle even my love for you.  
 When he is near, I have not power to pray ;  
 That thought alone disturbs my peace of mind.  
 I think that you must feel as I do, Henry.

*Faust.* Nay, nay, my love, 'tis nought but prejudice.

*Marg.* I must away.

Faustus here intreats her to admit him to her chamber. He offers her a liquid, three drops of which, he says, will seal her mother's eyes in sleep, and then he may steal in unobserved. She demands to be assured that it will have no other injurious effects, and he gives her that assurance. The result is easily divined. Margaret administers the potion, that she may indulge her licentious passion. The mother sleeps, never to rise again. Margaret becomes pregnant, and the fiend exults over the ruin he has achieved.

*The next SCENE is at the Fountain.*

Margaret and Betty enter with their pitchers, to fetch water from the spring. The latter inquires if Margaret has heard what has happened to their companion Barbara. She tells how that unfortunate girl has been seduced and abandoned. She has no pity for her, but Margaret seems deeply impressed with

the affecting tale ; and, as she returns solitarily to her home, she applies it to her own situation, and is struck with remorse of conscience when she reflects on what she has been and now is.

*Marg. (Soliloquy.)* Alas ! how sternly I could once reproach  
 When any poor young maid had gone astray ;  
 To expose another's sins, my ready tongue  
 Could scarce find words enough to vent its spleen !  
 In vain they blamed ; when all of blame was said,  
 Methought the crime was hardly blamed enough.  
 How did I bless myself, and raise my head,—  
 And now behold me pale with sin myself !  
 But oh ! the cause that urged me to transgress,  
 How dear it was ! O heavens ! how beautiful !

#### *The FAUSSE-BRAYE.*

In a niche in the wall is an image of the Mater Dolorosa ; before it are some flower-pots ; Margaret places fresh flowers in the pots.

#### HYMN.

Oh ! do not scorn her,  
 Heavenly mourner,  
 Who prays thee to behold her woe ;  
 Pierced through his side,  
 With sufferings tried,  
 Thou saw'st thy son's last pangs below.  
 Then to the father turned'st thine eyes ;  
 Thy piteous sobs, thy piercing sighs  
 Rose up for his, and for thy woe.

None can conceive  
 How deep I grieve,  
 And how pain shoots thro' every bone ;  
 How my poor heart in throbs expires,  
 How trembles still, and still desires,  
 Thou only know'st, thou know'st alone.







MARGARET SEPARATES THE LION AND THE ROSE









VALENTINE FIGHTS WITH FAUST





Where'er, where'er I go,  
 Woe only, only woe,  
 Is all that change of place can win me ;  
 I scarcely feel alone,  
 I weep, and sigh, and moan,  
 And my heart bursts within me.

The stand before my window  
 I dropped a tear upon,  
 As with fresh flowers I filled it,  
 When early morning shone.

When through my chamber darted,  
 The sun's beams 'gan to play,  
 I rose up broken hearted,  
 And sadly watched his ray.

Help! save from shame, from Death's fell blow!  
 Oh! do not scorn her,  
 Heavenly mourner,  
 Who prays to behold her woe.

TIME.—*Night.*

SCENE.—*Before Margaret's Door.*

Valentine, the brother of Margaret, enters. He has discovered his sister's infamy, which has now become the public talk of the town. He thus bitterly laments the loss of honour to her and to himself:—

Oh! when with merry comrades I have sat,  
 When many an idle vaunt broke gaily forth,  
 And to the flower of maidens many a glass,  
 Filled to the brim, has drowned the word of praise;  
 Hemmed by the circling throng, I proudly listen'd  
 To every trooper's story, and I smiled,  
 And stroked my beard, and thought how vain it was.

Then, raising the full goblet to my lips,  
 I said, let every man think as he lists;  
 But shew me now, my friends, in all the land,  
 A maiden equal to my own dear Margaret,  
 A maiden fit to minister to my sister.  
 Done! done! cling, clang, such boisterous sounds broke forth;  
 But some more shrewdly said, "the lad is right,  
 She is indeed the jewel of her sex,"  
 And every foolish praiser was struck dumb—  
 And, now by heaven! it is, it is enough  
 To make me tear my hair, and dash my brains out:  
 Each scurvy fellow turns his nose up at me,  
 And pierces, with his bitter taunts, my heart.  
 I sit me down, as if I were a criminal,  
 And shrink, and start at every random word,  
 And tho' I have the power to smite the wretches,  
 Alas! I have not power to say they lie.

At the close of his soliloquy, he sees Faustus and Mephistopheles, approaching cautiously under cover of the night. Faustus describes the state of his feelings:—

How from the casement of yon sacristy,  
 The ever-burning lamp gleams dimly out,  
 And casts a fainter, and a fainter ray  
 Into the darkness which now gathers round it:—  
 So darkly gleams the ray within my bosom.

Mephistopheles replies in his accustomed ironical manner, declaring that he feels new spirit on the eve of the approaching first of May, which ushers in the festal night of spirits and witches. He plays a serenade on the guitar, and sings beneath Margaret's window. Valentine then comes forward, and with violent invectives assails them both. Mephistopheles desires Faustus to draw his sword, and make a thrust

at the young soldier, whilst he parries his blow. The soldier's arm is paralyzed by the demon, and Faustus runs him through the body. He utters a cry of pain, and falls. Mephistopheles hurries Faustus off, and Martha and Margaret appear at the window, alarmed at the cry of the wounded man. A crowd assembles. The two females come forth from the house, and Margaret inquires who it is that lies on the ground.

*The Crowd.* Thy mother's son.

*Marg.* Almighty power! what misery!

*Valent.* I'm hurt to death. That is a word soon said,

And sooner still the blow was given that caused it.

Women, why stand ye there, and shriek, and moan?

Come hither, listen to my parting breath.

He addresses himself particularly to Margaret; he reproaches her with her shame; he tells her of the progress of vice, from the first commission of the crime, to the hardened impudence of practised infamy. He describes sin, when first born, as drawing the veil of night over its countenance: then it may be crushed without resistance: but soon it grows and waxes great, and displays its pale face to the light of day. Strange perversity! as its visage becomes more hideous, the more it courts notice, and tempts the eye of light. He prophesies that the time will come when she will feel the bitter pangs of remorse—when all will shrink from her touch as from an infected corpse—when she will not dare to flaunt in her golden chain and stand at the altar—when she will no longer captivate in the dance, but shrink into some dark corner, a beggar and a cripple—when heaven may pardon, but earth will heap maledictions on her head.

Martha interferes, and entreats him not to burthen his parting soul with calumny, but he indignantly spurns her as a shameless pander, and wishes that he had sufficient strength remaining to enable him to inflict on her that vengeance which she merits. Margaret bursts forth into an exclamation of bitter anguish, and her brother utters this mournful admonition, and dies:—

Nay, dry these tears,—'tis now too late to mourn;  
Then when you spake the word that yielded honour,  
You gave the deepest stab that pierced my heart.  
I woo the sleep of death, and go to God,  
As best befits a brave man, and a soldier.

#### SCENE.—*The Cathedral.*

#### *Celebration of Mass.—Organ and Singing.*

*A numerous congregation—MARGARET among the rest—an EVIL SPIRIT standing behind her.*

*Evil Spir.* How different, Margaret, were thy feelings once,  
When still a child, and young, and innocent,  
Here at the altar's foot with reverence kneeling,  
From thy worn book lisping the daily prayer,  
Mixing with infant sports a thought of heaven!  
Margaret, how rests thy mind? What evil lurks  
Within thy heart? Didst thou come here to pray  
For thy poor mother's soul, who by thy crime  
Was plunged in lingering pain? What blood is this  
Which stains thy threshold? Feel'st thou not within thee  
Another proof of sin already stirring,  
Another warning of fresh springing torment?







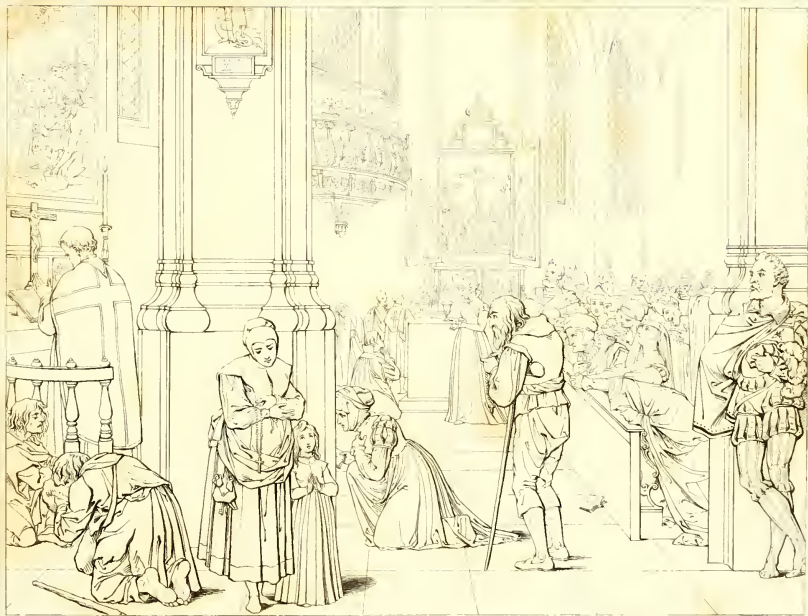


VALENTINE, D'ARTO, BERNARDINI, TASSI, BERT









THE REV. FATHER'S ASSISTANTS DESPAIR TO "GIVE THEM" MORE OF MASS







Engraved by J. H. St. John.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES ASCEND THE BROCKEN.







*Marg.* Woe! woe! oh, that I were released from thoughts  
That rise in spite of me, and 'whelm my soul  
In one wild ocean of despair!

*The Choir.* *Dies iræ, dies illa,  
Solvat sæclum in favilla.*

[*The organ sounds.*

*Evil Spir.* Heaven's wrath pursues thee; now the trumpet  
sounds—

The tombs are shaken—and, again created,  
Thy heart arises from its ashy bed  
And wakes to fiery tortures.

*Marg.* Oh! that I were away from hence. Methinks  
The organ drowns my breathing, and the hymns  
Sink in my heart, and rend its strings asunder.

*The Choir.* *Index ergo cum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet adparebit,  
Nil inultum remanebit.*

*Marg.* The pillars and the walls  
Close in upon me, and the vaulted roof  
Descends to crush me. Air! a breath of air!

*Evil Spir.* What wouldst thou seek to hide thee? sin and shame  
Cannot be hidden. Ask'st thou air and light?  
Woe, woe unto thee!

*The Choir.* *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?  
Quem patronum rogaturus?  
Cum vix justus sit securus!*

*Evil Spir.* The blest avert their faces; the pure souls  
Shrink from extending forth their hands to save thee;  
Woe!

*The Choir.* *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?*

*Marg.* (*to a bystander.*) Help, neighbour! oh! support me.  
[*Falls into a swoon.*

The famous Walpurgis-Night, or night of the first  
of May, is now arrived, and the scene, changing to

the Hartz mountains, discovers Faustus, under the  
guidance of Mephistopheles, pursuing a toilsome  
journey, climbing up rocks, and threading the laby-  
rinths of this region of magic to the heights conse-  
crated to the celebration of the Witches' Revel. The  
last breeze of spring blows coldly; the moon shines  
dimly above their heads, scarcely distinguishing the  
projecting boughs and jutting cliffs. Mephistopheles  
calls an *ignis-fatuus* to light them. It proceeds  
before them in its usual tortuous course, till it is  
commanded by the Evil-One to go straight forward.  
The travellers join in a wild strain, descriptive of the  
surrounding objects of wonder—the moving trees—  
the bending cliffs—the falling torrents and rivulets—  
the unearthly sounds—and the echo like the voice of  
other times. Birds of all kinds are still in concert,  
as if it were day; reptiles in motion; knotty trunks  
stretched out in all directions, twining like serpents,  
as if to intercept their path; and swarms of glow-  
worms sparkling all around. Mephistopheles directs  
Faustus' attention to the veins of ore glowing in a  
deep cleft of the mountain; he scents the approach  
of the concourse of guests hurrying forward through  
the air to this great magic festival, and desires his  
charge to hold fast to the rock, or he will be swept  
to the precipices below. He thus paints the aspect  
of the scene before them:—

O'er the night a cloud condenses,  
Through the woods a rush commences,  
Up the owls affrighted start;  
Listen! how the pillars part,  
The ever-verdant roofs from under,  
Boughs rustle, snap, and break asunder!

The trunks incline in fearful forms,  
 Roots creak and stretch, as torn by storms;—  
 In startling, and entangled fall,  
 Upon each other rush they all,  
 And through rent clefts and shattered trees  
 Now sighs and howls the rushing breeze.  
 Hear'st thou voices in the air,  
 Now far distant, and now near?  
 Yes, the mountain's ridge along  
 Sweeps a raging, magic song!

The witches then appear in full band, mounted on broom-sticks, pitch-forks, goats, and sows, sailing in troughs, and decorated with all the paraphernalia of their order. They sing a rude measure, the voices of those above, and of those who are making their way up the mountain, mingling in the chorons. Mephistopheles again warns Faustus to be on his guard, lest they should be separated. He recommends him to hold fast to his skirts. The voice of Faustus in reply, sounds from a considerable distance. Mephistopheles perceives the danger to be imminent, and exerts his authority in commanding the throng to make way. He enjoins Faustus to attach himself to him, and leaps out of the rushing population. They approach a detached spot, where many fires are blazing. Mephistopheles displays the all-potent sign, the cloven foot; a serpent recognizes it, and crawls towards him. The two visitants advance from party to party, listen to the converse of each, and gaze on their revels. Mephistopheles suddenly assumes the form of an old man. He points out to Faustus, Lilith, Adam's first wife, distinguished by her beautiful hair. Faustus addresses himself to a fair magi-

cian, and Mephistopheles to an old witch. They lead them forth to dance. Faustus abandons his partner, disgusted by an evidence of her unearthly nature. He describes to Mephistopheles the sight which shocked him, and another object also which has interested him more nearly. The following dialogue passes between them.

*Faust.* Then saw I——

*Mephis.* What?

*Faust.* Mephisto, dost thou see

A pale fair maid, alone there, standing yonder?

She moves away but slowly, and her step

Appears constrained, as though her feet were fettered.

Methinks—I must confess the thought that strikes me,

She wears the semblance of my own dear Margaret.

*Mephis.* Dismiss the thought; 'tis merely idle fancy.

That is a form of magic without life.

It is a phantom which thou must not meet:

Her withering glance would chill thy mortal blood,

And turn thee into stone. Thou know'st the tale

Of her of old, Medusa.

*Faust.* In truth those eyes belong to one not living,

Whom human hand may vainly seek to touch;

But that is like the bosom I have pressed,

And that is the sweet form I have embraced.

*Mephis.* 'Tis magic all: thou silly dreaming fool,

She seems to every lover, like his mistress.

*Faust.* Oh! what delight, and yet, alas! what sorrow!

I cannot turn my eyes from gazing on it;

I marvel why that slender scarlet string,

Not broader than a knife's flat ridge, is twined

Around its lovely neck.

Mephistopheles turns the whole into a jest, and hurries him away to a little hillock, where an interlude is represented, entitled "*Walpurgis-Night, or*







THE WITNESS

THE WITNESS









Illustration by J. P. M. W. S.

FAUST HEARS THAT MARGARET IS IN PRISON.









Illustrated by George M. M.

MENTISTOBIELES AND FIRST PASS THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.







*Oberon and Titania's Golden Nuptials,"* which, as it has no connexion with the main plot of the piece, we do not translate.

SCENE.—*The Country.—A gloomy day.\**

FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Faust.* In sorrow! in despair! so long and piteously astray, and now in prison! That gentle, hapless creature, cast, like a worthless criminal, into a gloomy dungeon, and reserved for horrid tortures! And is it come to this; to this—deluding, treacherous demon? This then thou kept'st secret! Ay, roll thy hideous eyes in devilish fury on me. Stand there with thy insufferable front, and brave my anger. In a dungeon! in hopeless wretchedness! To fiends abandoned and her merciless human judges; and all this while hast thou been lulling my attention with thy silly pastimes, concealing from me her increasing woe, and leaving her to perish unrelieved.

*Mephis.* She is not the first.

*Faust.* Dog! horrible monster! Transform him, thou Eternal Spirit! again transform the reptile to his canine form—that form in which he crept across my path, rolling before the harmless passenger, watching his stumbling steps, and clinging to his falling weight. Change him again into his favourite shape, and let him creep before me on his belly, that I may trample him beneath my feet into the dust: the wretch! not the first! Oh! sorrow, sorrow—beyond all human reason to conceive, that more than one created being into so frightful an abyss of misery has been plunged, and that the agonies that one endured, were not in infinite mercy's sight a just atonement for the crimes of all. The misery of this one victim harrows the sense of life within me, and thou—thou lookest with fiendish sneer upon the fate of thousands.

*Mephis.* Now we are again at our wit's end, where Man's sense cracks. Why didst thou make a compact with us, if thou canst not go through with it? What, wouldst thou fly, and art not proof 'gainst giddiness? Did we intrude on thee, or thou on us?

\* This Scene is in prose in the original. and is therefore so translated.

*Faust.* Gnash not thy hungry teeth at me! I hate thee. Powerful, glorious spirit, who deign'dst to shew thyself to me, who know'st my heart and soul, why bind me to this vile associate, who feeds on mischief, and exults in ruin?

*Mephis.* Hast finished now?

*Faust.* Save her, or woe betide thee! The curse of curses most appalling light for a thousand years upon thee!

*Mephis.* I cannot sever the avenger's bonds, or loose his bolts. Save her? who was it plunged her into ruin—I or thou? (*Faustus looks wildly around.*) Art thou about to grasp the thunder? 'Tis well it was not given to blind mortality. To crush the innocent who fronts his path; that is the tyrant's way to 'scape from difficulties.

*Faust.* Take me to her. She shall, she must be free!

*Mephis.* And yet thy own danger—think of that! know that the guilt of blood, thy hand bath shed, still rests upon the town. Above the grave, where lies the slain, avenging spirits hover and await the murderer's second coming.

*Faust.* That too from thee! the death and the destruction of a world, unholy fiend, light on thee! conduct me to her, I command thee, and release her.

*Mephis.* I will conduct thee: hear what I can do! have I all power in heaven and earth? I will entrance the jailor's senses; do thou obtain the key, with thy mortal hand, from out the dungeon-walls convey her. I will be waiting near. The phantom-steeds, in readiness, shall bear you off. This I can do.

*Faust.* Away, then—to it.

[*Exeunt.*]

TIME.—*Night.*

SCENE.—*The open Country.*

FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHELES mounted on black horses  
rush by.

*Faust.* What forms are those hovering about the place of execution?

*Mephis.* I know not what they're doing.

*Faust.* See, they flit up and down—they bend and stoop.

*Mephis.* A witches' meeting.

*Faust.* They are sprinkling now,

Hallowing the charm.

*Mephis.* On, on!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—*The Prison.*

FAUSTUS *before the dungeon-gates, with a key and a lamp.*

*Faust.* A trembling long unfelt assails my limbs,  
And all the grief of man now sinks upon me.

There does she dwell, in yonder damp recess;

Her fault, her only fault—a yielding heart.

Thou tremblest to approach her, and thine eye

Dread'st to behold her once again. Away!

Thou lingerest in thy fear while death is nigh.

[*He seizes the lock. A voice is heard within, singing  
a rude ballad, so gross as to indicate insanity.*]

*Faust.* (*unlocking the dungeon door.*) She dreams not that her  
love is listening near,

Hears the straws rustle, and the fetters clank. [*He enters.*]

*Marg.* (*striving to conceal herself in her straw bed.*) Woe,  
woe! they come: oh! bitter, bitter death!

*Faust.* (*softly.*) Hush, hush! 'tis I: I come to set you free.

*Marg.* (*throwing herself before him.*) If thou art human, pity  
my distress.

*Faust.* You will alarm the slumbering jailors: hush!

[*He lays holds of the fetters to unloose them.*]

*Marg.* (*on her knees.*) Ruffian! who gave thee this authority,  
To bear me off in the still hour of midnight?

Have mercy! let me live a little longer:

Will not the morning's dawn be time enough?

Am I too still so young—so young, and must I

Already die? Fair also was I once,

[*Rises.*]

And that has been my ruin; then my love

Dwelt near me: now, alas! he's far away.

My garland is all torn, and every flower

Is scattered: nay, nay, seize me not so rudely!

Spare me! how have I injured thee? Let me

Not supplicate in vain for mercy to thee:

'Tis the first time I e'er beheld thy face.

*Faust.* Can I survive this sight of agony?

*Marg.* Thou see'st I'm in thy power—then let me only

Give suck to my poor babe: the whole night long

I pressed it to my bosom: 'twas stolen from me

To drive me mad, and now they say I kill'd it.

No more shall I know joy—no; they sing ballads

Upon me; 'tis unfeeling: there's an old song

Runs in that strain, how came they to apply it?

*Faust.* (*falling upon his knees.*) Behold thy lover at thy feet,  
he comes

To break the heavy bonds of woe asunder.

*Marg.* (*kneels by his side.*) Oh, let us kneel and supplicate the  
saints!

See, see! beneath these steps, beneath this threshold,

Hell rolls its fires; and, hark! the Evil One

Raves wrathfully, and horribly below.

*Faust.* (*aloud.*) Margaret, Margaret!

*Marg.* (*listens—then jumps up—the fetters fall off.*)

That surely was the voice of him who loved me;

Where does he stay? I hear him call my name.

I am at liberty: none, none, shall stay me:

I fly to embrace, to hang upon his bosom:

Margaret he called; he stood upon the threshold;

Amid the howling and the din of hell,

Thro' fiends' dark taunts, and diabolic laughter,

I know those sweet, those soothing tones of love.

*Faust.* 'Tis I!

*Marg.* And is it thou? Say it again. [*Embracing him.*]

'Tis he—'tis he—where are my torments now?

Where is the dungeon's horrors, fetters' weight?

Thou'rt here; thou com'st to save me; I am saved.

Already do I see the street where first







FAUST ENTERS THE PRISON WHERE MARGARET IS.



My eyes beheld thee, and the pleasant garden  
Where I and Martha waited for thy coming.

*Faust.* (*striving to remove her.*) Come with me; come away.

*Marg.* Oh! stay a little;

How willingly where thou art would I stay!

*Faust.* Haste; if thou hastenest not we both shall rue it.

*Marg.* What, not one kiss! and hast thou then forgot

To kiss in this short absence from thy Margaret?

Why on thy bosom do I feel uneasy,

When once thy words, thy looks to me were heaven

Revealed? and then thou strovest to stop my breath

With kisses. Ah! thy lips are cold, are dumb;

Where is thy love? ah! who has stolen it from me?

[*Turning from him.*]

*Faust.* Come, follow me, my love. Take courage: yet  
I'll press thee to my heart a thousand times;

But only follow me, 'tis all I ask.

*Marg.* (*turning towards him again.*) And is it thou? art thou  
indeed my love?

*Faust.* I am; come on.

*Marg.* Thou wilt strike off thy Margaret's cruel chains,  
And take her to thy bosom. Shrink'st thou not

From my embrace? Knowest thou whom thou free'st?

*Faust.* Come—come—the night already wanes; come on.

*Marg.* I am my mother's murderer. I have drowned  
My child.—Was it not thine as well as mine?—  
Thine also. Art thou he?—I scarce believe it.  
Give me thy hand. Is it no dream, in truth?  
That hand so dear—but it is moist. Alas!  
Wipe, wipe it off. Methinks there's blood upon it.  
What hast thou done? For heaven's sake sheath that sword.

*Faust.* Oh! let the past be past. Thou stabbest me.

*Marg.* No, thou must stay, while I describe the graves  
Which on the morrow thou must see prepared:—  
Give the best to my mother; next, my brother;  
Myself aside—a little, not too far;  
And on my right breast lay my infant, else  
Will none rest near. To press me to thy heart  
Were sweet, were happiness—but never more

Shall it be so to me. It seems as though  
I forced my love upon thee, and thou strovest  
My fondness to repel; and yet thou'rt he,  
And hast the same kind gentle look as ever.

*Faust.* Oh! if thou feelest all this, I pray thee come.

*Marg.* Whither?

*Faust.* To freedom.

*Marg.* Ah! is the grave without? Does Death wait? come  
then,

From hence to everlasting rest, and not  
One step beyond. Thou turn'st away. Oh! Henry,  
Would, would that I could go along with thee.

*Faust.* And if thou wilt thou canst; the door stands open.

*Marg.* I may not go, for me there is no hope.  
Ah! what avails to fly?—they wait to seize me.

To be obliged to beg, and, conscience struck,  
Roaming about through foreign lands to beg:

'Tis wretchedness itself, and still they'll seize me.

*Faust.* I will not move from thee.

*Marg.* Quick, quick! Away!  
Save thy poor child. Fly hence; away—away—  
Up yonder by the brook: beyond the stile,  
Deep in the wood, there where thou see'st the plank  
Across the pool. Oh! snatch it out at once.  
It strives to rise; it struggles still—save—save it!

*Faust.* Collect thyself. One step, and thou art free.

*Marg.* Would we were past that hill! my mother there  
Is sitting on a stone. How cold it is!  
There on a stone my mother sits, and shakes  
Her grey head towards me—now she beckons not,  
Nor nods—her head seems heavy—long she slept—  
She wakes no more. She slept while we were happy.  
Oh! those were blissful times.

*Faust.* If no entreaties and no words will move thee,  
I needs must force thee hence.

*Marg.* Release me! no  
I will not suffer force; then seize me not  
With cruel murderous hands: for love of thee  
I did all this.

*Faust.* Day dawns! my love, my love!

*Marg.* Day? yes, 'tis day; the last day passes on—  
My bridal-day it should have been. Tell none  
That thou wert here with Margaret, Ah! my garland,  
It is quite withered :—we will meet again;  
Not at the dance :—the crowd assembles close—  
Nothing is heard—the square, the streets, will scarce  
Contain them ;—'tis the bell that sounds—the staff  
Is broke asunder—now they seize and bind me—  
They bear me to the scaffold—every neck  
Feels the sharp sword, as now it falls on mine :  
'Tis silent now, as silent as the grave.

*Faust.* Oh that I never had been born.

*Mephis. (appearing at the door.)* Come on, or you are lost.  
How useless is this trembling and delay.  
And idle prate : my horses shiver yonder.

Already does the morning's dawn appear.

*Marg.* What rises from the earth?—that being! he!  
Send him away. What is his purpose here,  
On consecrated ground? He comes for me.

*Faust.* Thou shalt live.

*Marg.* I yield to thee, O God! and to thy judgment.

*Mephis. (to Faustus.)* Come—come—or I abandon thee to her  
And ruin.

*Marg.* Thine am I, heavenly Father! save me, save me!  
Ye angels, and ye hosts of saints, surround—  
Protect me! Henry, now you make me tremble.

*Mephis.* She is judged.

*A Voice. (from above.)* She is saved.

*Mephis. (to Faustus.)* Come here with me.

[*Vanishes with Faustus.*]

*A Voice. (heard from within.)* Henry! Henry!

THE END.









MARGARET REFUSES TO LEAVE THE PRISON









